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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1868.

THE CHINESE TREATY.

SINCE *The Spectator's* discovery that Mr. Burlingame's mission contains what is known in the Democratic dialect as a nigger in the fence, we have endeavored—reading the Chinese treaty with the light of the recent contributions to our knowledge of China, which have been pretty numerous, and especially of the exegetical commentary upon it which Mr. Mark Twain published last week—to assure ourselves how much reason European governments have to fear that the embassy may in some way unduly promote the interests of the United States at the cost of their own. *The Spectator's* notion of the “dodge” it alleges to exist is this—that Mr. Burlingame offered to the Chinese to go as their envoy and, in the first place, “make a treaty for you with a nation which has never attacked you, and never will attack you, but which is very much dreaded by the West;” that then, “armed not only with your credentials, but with the sanction of my own mighty country,” he would next proceed to employ against Europe whatever power of intimidation attaches to his nationality “to represent that the government of the United States wishes China to be admitted without treaties into the family of the world.” “There is no reason whatever,” continues *The Spectator* in its own voice, “except the hope of producing a false impression of menace, why a Chinese government, any more than a Japanese government, should have selected an American as ambassador, and as little why the government of Washington should be represented to the world as assuming a sort of diplomatic protectorate in China. It has no special interests there not shared by all other Treaty powers.” And then come reasons—resolving themselves generally into mistrust whether any treaties with China less stringent than the present one would be faithfully observed—for not abandoning the existing treaties.

We have very little idea that there was in the mind of Mr. Burlingame, or of those who sent him, any such plan as the one thus sketched out, and no idea at all that our government—at any rate, our people—would entertain it for a moment. But it would have been very singular if the Chinese had selected any one other than Mr. Burlingame for the mission. Mr. Reed's treaty of 1858 contains a stipulation, inserted, we believe, at the instance of the Chinese, that in any future dealings with the western powers China may claim the good offices of the United States. This might mean anything or nothing, and is not, perhaps, greatly to be insisted upon further than that it would justify the United States in taking the lead in introducing China to Europe. But Mr. Burlingame's personal position indicated him as without question the envoy to be employed. He was not merely the senior member of the diplomatic corps at Peking, but the only one who remained of the ministers that originally framed the co-operative policy, and the only one who has been familiar from the first with the train of events and the accumulated complications which have necessitated a readjustment of relations with the treaty powers. His two associates, Sir Frederick Bruce and M. Berthémy, were both transferred to Washington, where the former died, and the latter now represents France, so that the appointment of the American became a matter of course. But beyond this, it is impossible to accept *The Spectator's* dictum that there is no such closer intimacy of China's relations with the United States over that with other nations as should cause her to apply to us in the first instance. This may be true enough so far as concerns the English, French, and American residents in China; but the large and rapidly increasing number of Chinese in our Pacific states, as well as the prospect of the vast commerce to be occasioned at a very early day by the completion of the Pacific railroads and the consequent multiplication of steamers between California and Japan and China, make it as inevitable that ours should be the closer connection with China as that ours should be

so with Mexico, or England's with Denmark. The one consideration of the treatment of expatriated Chinamen under Christian governments is quite sufficient, as it seems to us, to call for a revision of treaties, to show that in the universal unsatisfactoriness of our dealings China is at least as much sinned against as sinning, and that America was the power which ought first to have been called upon to mend her ways.

That things ought not to go on as they are, even if they could do so, is made very clear by the representations both of our countrymen who have lived in China and of those who have watched the life of Chinamen in California.* This last is simply deplorable, and disgraceful to us, inasmuch that if its counterpart had ever existed there the nation would have been unanimous in its readiness to deluge China in blood. In California the Chinese are unquestionably the most industrious and the least self-asserting members of the community. There are some sixty thousand of them, engaged in railroad building and mining, and, in the cities, in the performance of all manner of labor which whites will undertake, if at all, only at fabulous prices. The growth of California would, in a measure, stop if these inoffensive drudges were taken away; but they are the victims of a race-hatred and contempt such as even we have manifested nowhere else, and of all the brutalities of civilization. Beside being denied all civil rights, even that of testifying in courts, forbidden to own real estate, to enter public conveyances containing white men, or otherwise receive the treatment due them *quid* human beings, they are subjected to exclusive taxation, illegally enforced, and excluded from the most remunerative industrial pursuits. “The present state government,” says Mr. Silver, “got into power on a pledge to the working voters”—who resent the low wages asked by the Chinese—“that it would do all in its power to prevent further imports of Mongolian laborers, and, impliedly, that it would do all it could to worry out of the country those that are here.” This policy was avowed in the governor's inaugural address, and so faithfully has it been adhered to that, patient of persecution as they are, the hapless creatures are flocking to Nevada, Idaho, Montana, wherever they can escape. Here is one of Mr. Twain's pictures of their usage: “I have seen dogs almost tear helpless Chinamen to pieces in broad daylight in San Francisco, and I have seen hod-carriers who help to make Presidents stand around and enjoy the sport. I have seen troops of boys assault a Chinaman with stones when he was walking quietly along about his business, and send him bruised and bleeding home. I have seen Chinamen abused and maltreated in all the mean, cowardly ways possible to the invention of a degraded nature, but I never saw a policeman interfere in the matter, and I never saw a Chinaman righted in a court of justice for wrongs thus done him.” As to the laws, he cites the opinion of Mr. Cushing, formerly our Minister to China, that “nearly all the Pacific coast laws relating to Chinamen are unconstitutional and could not stand in a court.” And in that vein of humor which marks him as a representative Californian, he expresses his satisfaction at a passage in the 6th article of the treaty, which he interprets—though in this we cannot agree with him—as assuring to the Chinaman an equality with other men which shall involve the right of the ballot, and thereby work such a change in popular sentiment that aspiring politicians will become as proficient in smoking opium and eating with chop-sticks as they now are in drinking lager beer and twirling a shillalah, and election transparencies will run—“*The Country's Hope, the People's Choice*—DONNERWETTER, O'SHAUGHNESSY, and CHING-FOO.” Mr. Twain's righteous indignation has led him to form a conception of the Chinamen's virtues and aspirations for the future in which we can by no means follow him. We thoroughly sympathize with his resentment at the treatment in our own country—whither, along with all the rest of mankind, they have been invited—of a people in whose own land we have claimed consideration, although they have very frankly given us to understand that we were not want-

ed there. We can grant Mr. Twain that his *protégés* are models of shrewdness, diligence, peaceableness, and thrift, miraculously transforming desert places into gardens, and that upon them largely depends our material development on the Pacific coast. But we cannot forget that, on the other hand, their women are lewd and their men liars and thieves, from whom opium—the gift forced upon them by English fleets—has banished all moral perceptions. Nevertheless, it must be remembered that there are classes as much superior to these as the gentry of any other country are superior to its rabble, a few of whom are among the most successful and honorable merchants in California, but who in general have been deterred from coming hither by the treatment of their countrymen. There certainly can be no room for surprise that the first appeal of the Chinese Emperor should be to the country which contains so many of his subjects and maltreats them so abominably. With France and England there is no such question. France has no colonies that abuse Chinamen, and in those of England where they are found—Singapore, for instance—they have been accorded in good faith the privileges their treaty ought to have insured them here, and vote and hold office, under a property qualification. Certainly the matter of precedence is not one for which our English cousins should regard us with jealousy.

As to the need of a new treaty, and the very remarkable equity and absolute fairness of the one we have just concluded, we think it is impossible to doubt. It concedes to foreigners, if not all they might be disposed to ask, at least, we imagine, all the Emperor could dare to grant, and in express terms it leaves the way open for the extension of concessions as rapidly as public opinion becomes sufficiently educated. The very singular independence and strength of this in China, and the instantaneousness with which it manifests itself, making it quite impossible for the government to disregard it, have never been justly estimated. The views of the Emperor—or rather of his advisers, since he is but a boy—are well known to be liberal; but the unspeakable conservatism of his people, and the slowness with which so many millions are to be made aware of the advantages civilization offers them, render caution necessary. The anti-foreign party is moribund; and the increase of the revenue from the limited commerce that already exists, together with the steady growth of confidence as they learn to know us better, will soon lead to that introduction of railroads, telegraphs, etc., which the treaty obliges us at present to abstain from urging, at the same time that it promises the Emperor engineering aid whenever he shall “decide the time, and manner, and circumstances of introducing such improvements within his dominions.” That the government desires these things has long been understood in a general way, but Mr. Twain gives us a new conception of the obstacles with which it has to contend. The first day the telegraph was used, it seems, a man died of cholera, and superstition was of course instantly in arms and the telegraph was taken down. “They want railways and telegraphs,” he tells us, “but they fear to put these engines of power into the hands of strangers without a guarantee that they will not be used for their own oppression, possibly their destruction.” And beyond this is another very serious cause for trouble. “China is one colossal graveyard—a mighty empire so knobbed all over with graves that the level spaces left are hardly more than alleys and avenues among the clustering death-mounds. Animals graze upon the grass-clad graves (for all things are made useful in China), and the spaces between are carefully and industriously cultivated. These graves are as precious as their own blood to the Chinese, for they worship their dead ancestors. The first railroad that ploughs its pitiless way through these myriads of sacred hillocks will carry dismay and distress into countless households.” In addition to all this the conduct of Europeans has no doubt added to the embarrassments of the government and the apprehensions of the people. Their demeanor has been menacing and violent and lawless, and, intruders as they are, they have insisted that the government *shall* do things which are utterly abhorrent to the Oriental mind. Even *The Spectator*—which is always fair, and whose errors are usually those of generosity—admits this. “Without in the

* For the present condition of things we have depended chiefly upon the following articles:—(1.) as to foreigners in China, *Western Policy in China*, by Mr. Raphael Pumpelly, in *The North American Review* for April; and *Peking and the Chinese*, by Mr. Charles W. Elliott, in the *August Putnam's*.—(2.) as to Chinamen here, *The Chinese in California*, by Mr. J. S. Silver, in the *July Lippincott's*; and Mr. Mark Twain's long explanation of the treaty in *The Tribune* for August 4.

least desiring to traduce either our own countrymen or the French or the Americans, we have not the smallest doubt," it says, "that they push their privileges to the utmost; that they smuggle when they can and evade payment when they can't; that they never pay transit duties if they can avoid them; that they utterly ignore and condemn Chinese official rank; that they are prone to use force whenever force seems effective, and that they generally make themselves at once disagreeable and dreaded. They did it in India, they do it in Egypt, they try to do it in Mexico, and, in fact, all over the earth they act as if Western Europe had a divine commission not only to rule the rest of the world—which, judging by facts alone, may be true—but to insult it, which must, under any theory of the world's government, be essentially false." Every one knows the sort of things that have been urged against releasing the Chinese from their treaty obligations—that justice is unattainable in their courts, that dependence cannot be placed upon their word, that they do not suppress piracy. But, except in the last particular, certainly their conduct would bear scrutiny quite as well as that of the foreigners. And it is quite probable that the substitution of a vigorous rule under the Emperor for the weakness that generally characterizes a regency will end such annoyances as we do experience long before their countrymen in California or Cuba enjoy the perfect freedom we do in China. At any rate, seeing that we all of us claim the right to go there for our good and not for theirs, and in disregard of their wishes, there ought at least to be no question about the universal acceptance of a treaty which—if ours be, as we suppose, the fac-simile of all—accords to the Western nations all they could reasonably ask or it could possibly grant, and in return asks only that they shall demean themselves with the ordinary decency they would be very prompt to enforce upon any foreign sojourners among themselves.

TURKEY AND PHILHELLENISM.

RUSSIA perseveres in her intrigues for the disintegration of the Ottoman empire with all that tenacity in the pursuit of a given object which has passed into a proverb since the days of Peter Romanoff. She has, it is true, changed her tactics, but her purpose remains unaltered. Pride restrained the late Emperor Nicholas from courting the co-operation of the revolution. His plan was to force constantly fresh quarrels on the Sultan, and at the same time to prevent the intervention of the other great powers by intimidation and promises. This has been satisfactorily established by his confidential conversations with Sir Hamilton Seymour about the "sick man." The answer of Europe was the Crimean war. His son and successor, or, more correctly speaking, Prince Gortschakoff, seems well aware that a repetition of the attack on the Porte would be very likely to lead to a second coalition of the Western powers against his master. Yet he has by no means relinquished the original scheme. He has simply adopted another system. His aim is to break up European Turkey, by a succession of domestic insurrections, into a number of petty states, independent in name, but in reality under a Muscovite protectorate.

Greece, though with a different end in view, pursues a similar policy toward the Porte. It is, of course, no Muscovite protectorate which she desires, but a confederation of the various provinces in the Balkan peninsula, whose supreme head is to be the King of Greece, residing at Constantinople. This Philhellenic dream is, however, utterly impracticable. The first step toward its realization would necessarily be the expulsion of those three millions of Osmanli who still inhabit the European portion of Turkey; but even were the different Christian races powerful enough to effect this—and they certainly are not—such an attempt would only be the signal for a general war, one of whose immediate fruits might be the annihilation of the whole Christian population in Asia Minor. The Turks are there so overwhelmingly superior in numbers that a massacre would ensue which would drench the land in blood and ruin its prosperity for many years to come. The second obstacle is this. The greater part of the races of the Rajah have no interests in common—except, perhaps, their hatred for the Osmanli, who are a unit among themselves. There is no sympathy, no liking, between the Servians,

Bulgarians, Greeks, and Albanians, and such a confederation would be sure to beget strife, even if it did not open the way for Russian interference. Moreover, the Greeks, to whose hands the supreme direction of affairs is to be entirely committed, are greatly in the minority; they abound in the seaports, are wealthy traders, but exert no political influence in the interior, where they are bitterly disliked for their usury and rapacity. Indeed, modern Greece has given no evidences that she has a great national future before her. Since its foundation this petty kingdom appears to have been systematically humored and spoiled by the foreign powers. Russia, France, and England have guaranteed its loans, and as the government never meets its honest obligations, these states have been obliged to pay the interest on the Greek debt year after year. Nor would any other pretendedly civilized state have been suffered to commit, with the same impunity, so many gross violations of the law of neutrality and the international code as have constantly been overlooked in the case of Greece. England has even ceded to her the Ionian islands, without the least equivalent. Yet what are the results of all this petting and encouragement? Financial bankruptcy; for the Greek government does not pay its creditors. Anarchy; for even the road from the Piræus to Athens cannot be safely travelled without an escort. Since 1844 Greece has had a constitution and something resembling representative institutions, but only on paper. The judicial tribunals are venal and corrupt; the administration is powerless; agriculture, industry, and commerce are prostrate. A few years of Greek rule have sufficed to ruin the Ionian islands, which England had transferred in the highest possible state of material prosperity. There is only one thing for which Greece deserves credit. This is her admirable system of public education; but the modern Hellenists do not use this advantage for the welfare of their country. The ablest natives either go abroad and may be found among the leading merchants in all great European seaport cities, or they plunge into politics as mere office-hunters and placemen. It is especially the Greeks of the latter class who labor incessantly to make mischief in Turkey, and the Cretan insurrection is one of the most forcible illustrations of this absorbing passion for political intrigue.

Though we will readily concede that the Cretans had many just reasons to complain of the Turkish government, it was only at the instigation of Greek emissaries that a part of them were induced to take up arms. With the assistance of the Russian and Italian consuls they drew up a long list of grievances, many of which were entirely unknown to the islanders. It was the Greeks who have hitherto frustrated all compromise, all efforts at conciliation, between the insurgents and the Turkish authorities; it is they who continue to send arms, provisions, and volunteers to prolong a hopeless resistance which the Porte has labored to put down with so much severity. The population of Crete consists of Osmanli, Christians of the plains, and Christian highlanders. The former have sought protection in the fortified towns, but revenge the loss of their lands by the sword; the latter, originally seduced into revolt by the Greeks, and still keeping it up by their aid, wish to cast off the Turkish yoke, but want no annexation to the Hellenic kingdom. Between these two parties the inhabitants of the plains stand as between anvil and hammer, and only very few have joined the insurgents. Most of them have fled to Greece, where they are now objects of public charity. The circumstantial stories of the fiendish barbarities laid to the door of the Turks, which the Greek telegrams have circulated far and wide, are contradicted, as shown by Admiral Simon's official report, in many instances by the islanders themselves. The revolted highlanders, supported as they are by Greek blockade-runners, may, perhaps, be able to hold out still longer; at the same time they have never yet met the Turkish troops in a fair fight, and all the heroic achievements of the Cretans are simply Athenian lies. The Porte may keep or cede the island, but it is none the less true that its prosperity is destroyed for at least a generation by the war which Greek intrigues have instigated. All last winter Greek diplomatists and journalists announced a general rising in Thessaly and Epirus, but their insurrectionary committees were disappointed, because the people of those provinces

were too well aware what they might expect from a Greek invasion. The Thessalians are a pastoral race, disinclined to plunder and rapine; instead of turning a favorable ear to the invitation to revolt, they actually sent a deputation to Constantinople to implore protection. On the other hand, the Epirotic Albanians have openly taken sides with the Porte. Having failed in Thessaly and Epirus, efforts were made at Athens to open negotiations with Roumania and Servia, but they proved equally vain. Roumania had enough to occupy her at home; virtually independent of the Sultan, she could gain nothing by a war except a Turkish and a Russian garrison. Servia, which had then just succeeded in getting rid of the Turkish troops stationed at Belgrade, had also no reason to quarrel with the Porte. Her valiant population, though sufficient for self-defence, could not expect to conquer the other provinces held by a regular force.

The sober truth is that the Greeks have very nearly arrived at the end of their agitation, and nothing save a general European war can give them Crete or any other slice of European Turkey. The farce of the admission of the four Cretan deputies to the Greek Parliament was their last card. The erection of blockhouses by the Turks must put a speedy end to a struggle which we predicted hopeless almost a year ago, and which would never have caused so much suffering had not the advice of selfish demagogues prevailed. Submission to the Porte on the best terms that the good offices of the Western powers can obtain is the only course left to the islanders, and this neither the passage of Mr. Sumner's ostentatious resolutions of sympathy with the rebels by our philanthropic Congress, nor the American torpedoes, nor yet the interested support of the Athens government can ultimately avert.

FAST GIRLS.

IN attempting a scientific classification of the delightful creatures that make up, theoretically at least, so large a part of the happiness of life, of whom poetic enthusiasm has sung,

"What signifies the life o' man
An' 'twere not for the lasses, oh!"

the fast girl is almost the first species that strongly attracts the inquirer's attention. Not so much on account of her numbers; on the contrary, among girls considered at large, the fast girl is probably in a very small minority. But it is a most ubiquitous and aggressive minority, making up in self-assertion and energy what it lacks in numbers. The fast girl does not simply crave your notice, she claims it as a right and will not be denied. For nothing is she more remarkable than for her fixed determination never in any circumstances to hide her light under a bushel; and whatever may be her merits or her attractions, it is not from want of prominence that the world fails to see or to applaud. Notoriety, above all things, is what she mainly covets, and a paragraph in *The Fireside Flunkie*, describing, with or without the delicate reticence of asterisks, her face, her figure, her fortune, or her expectations, her costume and her cosmetics, her lovers and her lap-dogs, seems to her a goal for the noblest ambition. If this foaming cup of fame can be sweetened by the assurance of male admiration and female envy in equal proportions, any future paradise becomes to the fast girl a gratuitous superfluity; there remains to her in all the worlds of which she has cognizance or conception but one nearer approach to heaven. That is, to go to Paris and be celebrated in the public prints as *la belle Americaine*; to have her physical charms discussed as if she were an artist's model or a ballet-dancer; to be the talk of the *salons* and the target of the *cafés*; to be in splendor and *bizarrerie* of raiment that golden—or brazen?—mean between the duchess and the *lorette* which M. Alexander Dumas, fils, in his cheerful story of *La Dame aux Camélias* confesses his inability to conceive; to be renowned for every extravagance in the most extravagant of cities; to fling the wildest heel in the mad *can-can* of frivolous gayety; to skate on the brittle ice of fashionable folly as near as may be to the perilous edge without falling in. Sometimes, of course, she misses her calculation and goes over the brink, but not often. She knows a thing worth two of that; and though she does not greatly balk at sharing the reputation of the *demi-monde*, she is far too wary to partake of its undesirable realities. Whatever degree of moral turpitude may attach to her extravagances and reckless caprices, it is only with women, the women she votes slow and stupid, returning scorn for

hatred, that she ever gets the names of unchastity. Men know better—the men, at least, with whom she consorts and vies in all fashionable and cis-Coventry excesses, and though they do not spare her fair fame in those charitable and chivalric canvassings of their female acquaintance that men are prone to in their cups, though they do not hesitate to breathe her name in gentlemanly midnight orgies with every poisonous blossom of unclean innuendo and ambiguous sneer, still their hearts give the lie to the slander their lips are fashioning. Even if the fast girl be all their satyr fancy paints her, she is wise enough to veil her nature. *Ce n'est pas la que son métier.*

As a rule, however, she is not *de industria*, with intention, as the play-books say, immodest—not, certainly, in the sense of her feminine revilers and vilifiers, immodest because she is fast, nor fast because she is immodest; the two things, in fact, have no such necessary and consequential connection. Though quite capable of imitating, if occasion offered, that curious exploit which is recorded of Madame Récamier and two rival but friendly beauties, in appearing in the public promenade arrayed in such fashion as might have made Eve or Miss Menken redden with shame or envy, it would be rather from sheer bravado and defiance of restraint than from shamelessness. She is immodest mainly in the primitive sense of the term—immoderate, unrestrained, *outré*. Yet, on the other hand, the crowning grace of womanhood, that gentle modesty of mien which is the sure index and fair blossom of innate purity of soul, she quite as surely lacks; and if she be virtuous in the conventional sense, it is, perhaps, as much from lack of impulse as from force of control. The very freedom and peculiar outspokenness of her relations with men take the edge off the promptings of passion by depriving them of that sweet mystery which is at once their stimulant and food, and annihilate most of the temptations to which flesh is heir. Besides, there is a certain limit of decorum which not even the fast girl dare transgress without losing that station in society which least of all women can she afford to lose, because it gives her not only the excuse for her eccentricities, but a refuge from their penalty. She is an odd girl, but she is, *bien vuë*, received by the best people, and it is just as well not to cut her. So she dances her *caniagnole* through the world, and flings her skirts in the horrified face of propriety; and so long as she keeps her own secrets there is none to molest her or to make her afraid.

From this train of reflection there is suggested to us a distinction between the fast girl and the wild girl, who are often, but most unjustly, confounded; for though the latter in her behavior oftentimes rather too closely imitates the former, it is with a very different motive and a very different effect. The fast girl's main game in life is the attainment of notoriety; this gives us the key of all the curiosities of her conduct. But the singularities of the wild girl spring from the thoughtlessness of youth, from its headlong *insouciance* and mischievous ardor, from sheer excess of animal spirits, the bubbling over of unusual vitality. The wild girl will conduct a vigorous handkerchief flirtation with a stranger at a distance, but she flies in dismay at his approach; she will answer a matrimonial advertisement just for the fun of the thing, and be precipitated into the sorest distress and terror if the prospective Benedict should find her out; disregarding every conventional propriety, she yet knows how to blush at every unworthy deed or word that gives instinctive alarm to her innocence. But the fast girl has lost the art of blushing, or rather she has educated herself out of it along with the other weaknesses of childhood. As for innocence, she scoffs at and derides it; she has eaten of the forbidden fruit of fatal knowledge, and she is boastful of her enlightenment. In Eve's place, she would have screened the serpent, for the sake of monopolizing the credit of the sin.

The fast girl is, as we have said, easily to be distinguished by the exaggeration of dress and manner. If crinoline be in vogue, she rivals the dome of St. Peters; if paniers, she aspires to personate a Bactrian. The very smallest of microscopic hats and the heeliest of high-heeled boots adorn her extremities; and if the prevailing mode allows the slightest resemblance to masculine attire, she pushes the fashion to its utmost. Any particularly reprehensible masculine habit has to her an irresistible attraction; she talks slang with a volubility and ease that would astonish an up-town butcher's boy, and she is never so happy as when she can combine the delight of inspiring sherry cobblers through a straw with the bliss of smoking the surreptitious cigarette. If rich enough, she runs to pony phaetons

and stunning tigers, and she is usually an accomplished whip. At the races she is, of course, in her element, and gives and takes the odds on the favorite with all the ease and familiarity of the most veteran turfite, while displaying a capacity for champagne that would do honor to a presidential candidate. She doesn't care greatly for dancing, except for fashion's sake and masked balls, where she gives loose rein to all her ingenuity of intrigue; and she is satiated with delight if she can contrive to be the cause of a quarrel. Of all women that loved, that Helen seems to her the most enviable about whom all the heroes of earth strove for ten years to cut each other's throats, and all the poets of earth have been singing for centuries of decades. Only to be talked about: that is the aim and end of her aspirations. If she is married, she would prefer to preface the wedding by an elopement, and epilogue it with a divorce; not to be immoral, but only to be notorious. If she can't be divorced, at least she can run away, which she commonly does with the faithless father of some very large and interesting family. The larger and the more interesting the better, because the more opprobrium and consequently the more comment. Sometimes, but rarely, she settles down to a course of quiet domestic felicity; marries some retired grocer or tallow-chandler of fabulous wealth, and is sung by enraptured Jenkines at every watering-place she honors with her startling presence. Her diamonds are always more costly, her costumes more *recherche* and numerous, her liveries more gorgeous, her horses more blooded, her hotel bills more appalling, than any one else's. Her name is always in the mouths of men, the daily papers chronicle her outgoings and her incomings; she is first among lady directors of every ball and church and sewing society; her fame flies abroad gathering strength as it goes, and she is happy. As for the grocer, if he is not happy, everybody straightway reviles him and cries shame on him, and tells him what a brute he is, which ought to make him very cheerful indeed. And for her children—she never has any.

So the fast girl, married and provided for, goes down to a peaceful and notorious old age, revered by all who don't know her, happy in the consciousness of gratified ambition. Perhaps she is no worse than her slower neighbors, after all. She is the product of imperfect civilization acting on an undeveloped moral sense and a keen perception of the beauty and desirability of self-aggrandizement, and in some respects may be held to typify the spirit of the age. She does no great harm to any one but herself, and is, on the contrary, of immense service to pious maiden aunts and proper old fathers of families as a horrible example to ingenuous female youth.

CALLING MINISTERS.

NOTHING could be more unique and withal a keener satire on certain unlovely aspects of Christendom than a faithful history of the unpublished secrets concerning the calling of ministers, describing the canvassing of their claims over oyster suppers and around tea-tables, as well as on luxurious lounges and in gloomy vestry-rooms; relating the fears of the orthodox senior member and the hopes of the liberal junior, the *finesse* of the Dorcas societies, the influence of the wealthy warden with a clerical relative, the sly wire-pulling of interested bishops and distant managing D.D.s.—all the tattle, the correspondence, the debate, the masked policy, the significant innuendo, the threats and promises and compromises, that signalize such movements till the question is definitely settled. Of course, there would be an interesting chapter on the minister's early antecedents, one on his politics, ecclesiastical and otherwise, and others on his physical appearance, his private affairs, social qualities, and popular address. Several chapters would be needed to report all the talk concerning his wife and children. The money question would have great prominence, and embrace a capital lesson on financiering. A brief space would suffice for all that was pertinent to his case as a preacher of the gospel. The chief fascination of the narrative would be found in its disclosure of the hidden motives that animated the different actors in the premises. We can readily understand that for a parish to secure the services of a worthy incumbent is no trifling matter. In making a selection, no doubt, there are many proper interests to be consulted and many tastes to be gratified. It is of the highest importance that the clergyman have suitable qualifications for his responsible position. Indeed, too many excellences cannot be gained when the most conscientious care has been used to supply the vacancy. But it strikes us that the ethics of the methods sometimes employed would stand a

poor chance of approval in any court where fair dealing is appreciated.

It is often the case when a congregation are unanimous in desiring the services of a particular clergyman, and perhaps have really chosen him in secret session for their pastor, that instead of candidly and squarely informing him of the fact, and so leaving the matter in his hands in a fair business way, he is unblushingly asked by some one authorized to transact the little affair "if he will accept a call if it can be secured!" This is done, too, with a charming *naïveté* which forcibly reminds one of the manner in which members are pledged to secret societies in college. If parishes that pursue this course wish to emulate the style and morality of these festive brotherhoods they may hope to succeed. This way of doing things may be well enough for boys, but it seems to us a kind of farce a little too absurd for sober men to engage in. Not seldom is it that a clergyman is invited to a vacant parish to officiate for a single Sunday with the assurance that a call is as good as certain, but that deference to the wishes of the congregation makes it proper for him to occupy the pulpit before the question can be definitely settled, when it turns out that others have received similar offers, and his acceptance of what is presented to him as a courtesy only insures his defeat by adding another factor to the discordant elements excited by the conflict over many rival candidates. Though treachery may not be intended by the actors in these amiable enterprises, there is certainly very little consideration manifested for the disappointed subject of the arrangement. Now, a clergyman's reputation is his capital, and the quickest way to lose it is his rejection under the circumstances described. His failure is tantamount to the publication of his incompetency. The more influential the parish the more conspicuous will be the odium attached to his reputation. The nod of a rich member, a foolish prejudice, a malicious report, some contemptible whim, often decides the fate of the unfortunate minister who perhaps through the pressing necessities of a livelihood allows himself to get into the snare.

We have heard of another method by which these matters are sometimes managed which deserves a place in the annals of the sharpest jockeying. Aware of the reluctance of men of sensibility and independence to be set up as pulpit shows, the constituted authorities of a parish have resorted to the expedient of giving a clergyman a call in due form properly authenticated, agreeing, however, secretly among themselves that if, upon trial, he should not satisfy a taste in the congregation which they wish to conciliate, they would take some effectual means to speedily get rid of him. Of course they succeed in doing this without scandal, for these matters are managed with the most admirable secrecy and adroitness. Somebody puts a flea in the ear of the astonished divine. "There has been a mistake. He has excellent qualifications, but is hardly suited to his present position. He has their cordial good wishes, and doubtless will succeed where his talents will be better appreciated." And so, with considerable pious slang, and perhaps with a long set of whitewashing resolutions bemoaning his resignation which are printed with a good deal of flourish in the religious papers, the plot terminates successfully for one side. But what of the minister? He had probably dissolved his connection with his old parish and moved his family to the new one. The journals have duly chronicled the change. He has received the congratulations of his friends and entered in good faith upon his work. But lo! his call was a sham—a sly manoeuvre to test his adaptation to an ambitious and worldly church. The sanctimonious conspirators may make as many pious pretences as they please that they are acting for the Divine glory, but the hoofs and horns show themselves beneath their disguise. Honest folk are impressed with the conviction that the Deity is not greatly complimented by these performances. They would be called in some places a very contemptible species of swindling. Cases of this kind have come to our knowledge, and though the religious papers may preserve a dignified silence on the subject, we discern the eminent propriety of stigmatizing them as they deserve.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SAMUEL LOVER.

BY DR. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

HAVING known Samuel Lover intimately, I take leave to send you a few recollections of him. I made his acquaintance in 1840, by speaking a kind word of one or two of his songs in an English provincial journal which I then conducted. We became frequent correspondents, and he consulted me very

largely upon his literary projects and performances. When about issuing a monthly serial, which he entitled *L. S. D.*, the first story in which was called *Treasure Trove*, he communicated his plan in detail, and even sent me a pen-and-ink sketch of his design for the cover, in which he introduced coins of various nations. I possess at least a hundred of his letters—all written in a remarkably neat, light, and legible hand.

I first met him at his house in London (Charles Street, Middlesex Hospital), and we became very intimate. At that time he was a miniature painter, working with water-colors upon ivory, and the beauty of his execution was remarkable. He never missed the expression in a portrait; yet had less success than he had a right to expect. His miniatures were equal, at least, to those of the late Sir William Ross and George Richmond, now R.A. But he did not become fashionable. When I first met him he was engaged in the difficult experiment of trying to "spend half-a-crown out of sixpence a day," and the incubus debt pressed heavily and constantly upon him. A large house, in a semi-fashionable locality, was considered essential to his success, and I doubt whether his pencil enabled him to pay the rent and taxes. Yet he thought it incumbent to give dinners and present the appearance of success. It was his talent for adapting and composing music, and something very like a genius for writing songs, that enabled him to live. His family consisted of a sickly wife and two charming daughters, then standing on the narrow isthmus which connects the child with the woman. Both of his daughters are alive, Lucy and Meta. They attended his funeral, I see by the newspaper reports. His wife died many years ago—before his visit to the United States, I think. About sixteen or eighteen years ago, not having the elder Mr. Weller's maxims in his mind, he married again—a rich widow, it was said, with whom he lived happily until his death.

One day, speaking freely upon his situation and his difficulties, he told me what had induced him to leave Dublin, where he had done well, to venture his frail bark on the troubled ocean of London professional life. "I had painted," he said, "a portrait of Miss Smith Barry, an Irish heiress and beauty, and was recommended to send it to the exhibition of the Royal Academy in London. This I did, and whether because I was secretary of the Royal Hibernian Academy or because the portrait had some merit, it was extremely well hung and was praised by the art critics very highly. This success tempted me to run over to London for a few days, though, Heaven knows, I could ill bear the expense and had to borrow the money. In London I had quite an ovation in a small way, and, what was better, was commissioned, then and there, to paint several portraits at prices far exceeding what I had ever received in Dublin. Among them was one of Lord Brougham which was highly spoken of. My painting-room was much visited, and one day Sir John Conroy, who was master of the household of the Duchess of Kent, sent me an intimation that her Royal Highness intended to call and see my miniatures that afternoon. She came with her daughter, then only Princess Victoria, for this was nearly two years before she became Queen. I was so fortunate as to please the duchess, for a few days after her visit Sir John Conroy came to engage me to paint her portrait, with a promise that if it gave satisfaction I should then have to paint that of the Princess Victoria. I had half determined, by that time, to leave Dublin, and try my fortune in London, and this commission turned the balance. The duchess could not sit for three weeks, and, in the interval, I took handsome apartments, knowing how essential it was that I should have a nice place for my future sitters. Three days before the day on which the duchess was to sit to me for the first time, I received a letter from Dublin, informing me that my wife, who had remained there with the children, was so dangerously ill that there was little chance of my seeing her again unless I hurried back without a moment's delay. I despatched a note to Sir John Conroy, explaining why I was compelled to solicit that the duchess would postpone the sitting, and hastened to Dublin. On arriving there I found that Mrs. Lover, who had an attack of rheumatism in the head, and was annoyed at my having remained four weeks, instead of two, in London, had become so nervous as to have me written to in that alarming manner, in order to insure my immediate return. Making the best of it, I took advantage of being again in Dublin to wind up my little affairs and take my wife and children with me to London. On arriving there, I wrote to Sir John Conroy, but his answer was that the Duchess of Kent had been annoy-

ed by my want of punctuality, had left town on a tour through the provinces, and, he feared, could scarcely be induced to give any sittings to an artist who had disappointed her once. I had stated to my brother artists that I was going to paint her, and my not being allowed to do so did me much injury at the time. Either I had bragged without cause, or there was some weighty reason why the duchess had withdrawn her commission. So I started in London, not exactly under a cloud, but in an unfortunate manner. If I had painted her portrait and then her daughter's, it is very likely that I, and not Ross, would have been knighted by the young Queen, not long after, and have been appointed her miniature-painter in ordinary, which would have been sufficient introduction, independent of any merit of my own, to the beauties of the court and of fashion. As it was, I lost my chance, and have been struggling ever since to keep the wolf from the door."

Lover told me another anecdote, a sort of pendant to the above, which is not only curious but true. "In Dublin," he said, "some years before, I had written the song of *Rory O'More*, but was unable to sell it to any music-publisher there. Madame Vestris visited Dublin on a starring expedition, and wished for a new song to introduce into one of her old characters. Some one mentioned *Rory O'More*, which I had often sung in private, and she sent for me, was charmed with the song, and determined to sing it on the stage. I gave my free permission. She sang it, made a hit with it, and had to repeat it three times a night while she played in Dublin. She introduced it on the stage in London, where it took the public ear at once. I disposed of my copyright at a liberal price, and the sale was very great. One night, after I had been settled—oh, what a settlement!—in London, my spirits and funds were very low; I went out to take a walk, and, at the corner of the street, found a ballad-singer rattling away with *Rory O'More*, and picking up the coppers as he went along. Five minutes after that I heard *Rory O'More* ground upon a hand-organ to a large crowd. Two or three times more that night I heard the song played or sung, and when I returned to my lodgings there was another singer, with a crowd around him, and my youngest daughter leaning half-way out of the window, calling out 'That's my papa's.' I got hope, that night, of making money by my pen and piano, and at breakfast next morning had a note from Duff & Hodgson, begging me to call on them with any songs I might wish to sell them."

Samuel Lover was scarcely a sincere man; at least he was not one to stand by a friend who, for the time being, might be "under the weather" in worldly circumstances. One day, at his own table, the guests, in high spirits, got to pencilling down impromptu epigrams upon their host; these were thrown into a hat, drawn out and read aloud, Lover undertaking to discover the writer by his or her style. He was rarely correct. The following was read:

"What he is I've had cause to discover,
And thus far my experiences tend:
He may be sublime as a Lover,
But he's careless and cold as a Friend."

Lover bit his lip, said never a word, but glanced uneasily at the writer of the quatrain, whom he had rather neglected, some months before, during a temporary difficulty. His conscience pricked him, I suppose.

For several years before he left Dublin Lover was secretary of the Royal Hibernian Academy. Before me is an official letter, dated January, 1830, addressed to one of the members, requesting him to contribute to the next exhibition, and referring him to one of the laws of the Academy which provided that "three pictures are the minimum allowed as a contribution from a member or associate." This is signed "Samuel Lover, Secretary." As long as he painted at all, Lover made a rule, even while he lived in London, of sending his best works to this Irish exhibition. One of his best portraits of his friend Charles Lever—"Harry Lorrequer"—taken in 1841, I think, was so exhibited. This was subsequently engraved as a frontispiece for one of Lever's Irish romances, and is a remarkably good likeness. His most successful work was a wonderful miniature of Paganini, the violinist, painted in Dublin. It exhibited the very peculiar character of that great musician's remarkable face and form. The high and narrow brow, the elongated face with large, aquiline nose, reminding one of an eagle's beak, deep-set dark eyes, decided black eyebrows, tawny-hued skin, long, dark hair, lean hands with talon-like fingers, and the whole nervous system in restless activity, every separate point was adroitly seized and the whole skilfully combined into one of the most successful portraits ever seen. It was exhibited in London as well as in Dublin and greatly extended Lover's reputation.

About the time this portrait was taken Mrs. Lover, who was fond of autograph-collecting, established an album which in course of time became extremely interesting and valuable. On the first page in an unusually decided hand, which showed no distinction between the up-strokes and the down-strokes, was the bold and characteristic signature of Nicolo Paganini. The book was nearly filled when I was asked to write something in it in 1843, but I remember that it took me over two or three hours to go through it. Paganini's, I think, was the only bare signature; all the others—poets, novelists, painters, musicians, dramatists, actors—had contributed something original. On the second and third pages, if my memory does not play me false after a lapse of five-and-twenty years—"Eheu, fugaces anni!"—was a poem by Mrs. Fitzsimon, eldest daughter of Daniel O'Connell. It was a scathing satire, vigorous and well-written, upon some presumed slight upon O'Connell, who was then not very popular with the English Whigs, by Thomas Moore. Anything half so cutting in its strong personality and earnest anger I never read. If Moore, who was excessively thin-skinned, had seen it, his rest would have been disturbed for many nights.

In a letter written in 1842 Lover wrote: "You made a query about *Rory O'More*. I sing the narrative portion of the first verse with the *laste taste in life*—as we say in Ireland—of the brogue; which, I consider, makes a lady's singing of it, without any quite right. The lines, 'When Rory the rogue,' etc., on the third, I give without the slightest tinge of brogue; so you see your views coincide almost to a nicety with the author's."

Handy Andy was commenced, as a monthly serial, in January, 1842. He had previously published portions of it in the first volume of *Bentley's Miscellany* in 1837, but a difference with Mr. Bentley made him stop short at the end of the third chapter. In November, 1842, after the publication of No. 11, he wrote to me: "You think better of *Handy* than even his father does. I quite agree with you in all you say about having a more serious interest in my next, and am glad you think I am up to the accomplishment of it. The truth is, I have more pleasure in writing in the pathetic than comic vein; and though I have made people laugh in my time, my own opinion is that I have more capability for the other thing." He goes on to say that his earnest wish was to make *Andy* outlive the *burking* it had received in the magazine. "Andy," he continues, "was as troublesome a customer to me as to his mother and friends; he, being the *hero* of the book, was obliged to be constantly on the scene, and if that was not fatiguing to the public it was to me, for the difficulty of keeping up his character and yet varying the adventures was most laborious. Such a fellow as *Andy* would have been good as a relief now and then, but to be main guard was a bore—in other words, he would have been better for *salt* than for *meat*." So sincerely did the author feel this that in one number of the serial *Handy Andy* did not appear at all. There really was a native blunderer, with such a sobriquet, in the service of Maurice Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry. (When I was a school-boy I often heard the knight relate instances of *Andy's* curious mistakes, some of which Lover neglected to chronicle.)

Toward the close of 1842, when *Handy Andy* was approaching its close, Lover planned another serial, and was very anxious about its title. "It is a great object," he wrote, "to have one that will attract. If you have one that will make people say, 'What's that?' it is a great object. Now, I think of calling mine *L. S. D.*, or *Accounts of Irish Heirs, furnished to the public monthly, by Samuel Lover, Accountant for Irish Inheritances*. Under this head *Gusty* may be yet heard of, and *Andy* in his new form occasionally cross the path (by the way, I may as well let you know that *Andy* turns out to be Lord Scatterbrain), and in his new shape might do some queer things. I intend opening with a perfectly fresh story, however." The new story was entitled *Treasure Trove*, with much of the action on the continent, the rest mainly in the west of Ireland, Lover being particularly familiar with Galway. The etchings showed much improvement and

"the ease
Which marks anxiety to please."

The first number appeared in January, 1843. Lover purposely made it begin very quietly, as he hoped to engage the attention of *English* readers, and led them "not to expect merriment so much as interest." Of the etchings he wrote: "I have left Phiz and Leech behind this time. Cruikshank is the only man who has pushed etching so far, at the old house in Galway." As a story *Treasure Trove* far surpassed *Handy Andy*.

Lover had to work on his serial tales with hand and head, that is, to write the story, draw the illustrations, and finally engrave them. He published *Handy Andy* in *Bentley's Miscellany* with an etching on copper to the first and second chapters, but, not succeeding, did not illustrate the third, which was the last that appeared in that magazine. In 1842 he tried the graver again, and, writing about the third number of *Handy Andy*, said: "The etchings, I am happy to say, are the best I have done. Practice does wonders, and steel is so new to me, and even in old hands so disobedient and refractory a servant, that I fight to great disadvantage against the experience of established illustrators. I hope to improve, however, every number." By the way, Lover's serials were published in Paternoster Row by his brother, who was not much of a business man. Lover wrote in 1842: he "has to eat his terms here;" but I do not know whether he ever was called to the bar.

In 1844, sensibly taking good advice, and indeed needing the pecuniary return which was expected, Lover commenced giving his "Irish Evenings," announced as being "illustrative of the national characteristics, legends, superstitions, mirth, and melody of his country." It was, in fact, a prose lecture, in which some Irish tales, legends, and anecdotes were told in a very amusing manner, and several songs given. The songs were, *Whisper Low*, *The Bath of St. Patrick*, *The Chain of Gold*, *Molly Bawn*, *Angel's Whisper*, *There's no such Girl as Mine*, *Widow Macchree*, and *Rory O'More*. The prose and songs were exclusively Lover's own, and when singing he accompanied himself on the piano, which he played with skill and taste. A second "Irish Evening" was entitled *Paddy by Land and Sea*, and much resembled the other in the way of treatment. It wound up with the story of *The Gridiron*—one of Lover's best stories, said to have been originally told to him by Jones, an Irish sculptor, who finally settled in London, with great success. The "Irish Evenings" paid Mr. Lover very well, and he repeated them in almost every city and town of importance in the British islands. Looking at a list on the back of his programmes of 1844, I find advertised the names of one hundred and ten songs, seven duets, and two glees for three voices. His readiness and fecundity of composition were almost those of an improvisatore. His quickness at adapting or inventing airs for his songs was also remarkable.

There was a general impression among his friends that Lover had attempted to act in Irish characters, but had failed in consequence of want of physical power—his brogue being excellent, but his voice weak. This was noticeable in his "Irish Evenings," which, on that account, he preferred to give in rooms that were not very large. In a letter written in January, 1842, he told me in a P.S.: "I suppose you saw an odd paragraph about me in *The Stafford Examiner*, saying I was playing at Birmingham. I cannot account for its appearance. Of course you never believed it. I am of opinion, with two very knowing press friends, that I should not notice it in any way whatever; if it was meant to vex me, silence about it is the wisest course."

Late in 1842, before Lover had bodily presented himself to the public in his "Irish Evenings," and certainly before he had any idea of crossing the Atlantic, he wrote to me: "What do you think of the *American Notes*, by Boz? I confess I think them, like most other American notes, not worth much. So far the title is appropriate. How all the press have beslobbered him. Honest world!" While Lover was in this country he kept a journal, which he "posted up," with great regularity, every night. It was lively, pleasant, and sometimes satirical, but not spitefully so. It was copiously illustrated, too, with vignette sketches of scenery, incidents, and persons. After he returned to England, the favored few who were permitted to read this diary praised it so very highly that a publisher offered him a large sum—five hundred pounds, I heard—for the copyright. It was a tempting offer to a poor man, but was refused. "I was so well treated in America," he said, "that I should be a scoundrel ever to publish one sentence ridiculing the people there." The manuscript still exists, I suppose. It rather seized the ludicrous points of persons and things than ridiculed them. Of the beauty of American scenery Lover was fond of speaking, and his diary was crowded with rapid sketches of places which had attracted his attention or won his admiration.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE ISSUE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In a communication which I addressed to the editor of *The World*, and which was printed in that paper on the 3d inst., I undertook to show that the real issue between the two parties at the approaching election involves this question: "Can a new state be made within the geographical limits of an old one, by the will of Congress declaring who shall constitute the state?" That this is what has been done, or attempted to be done, by the so-called reconstruction acts cannot be denied. In every one of the states to which that process has been applied the sovereignty of its people has been suppressed, a new people has been created by the will of Congress, and this new people, composed in great part of newly-emancipated negro slaves, has been empowered to make a constitution of government which disfranchises, by the means of test-oaths, a large part, and the most intelligent part, of the white race. If I did not believe that there is some hope to be entertained that the people of the United States will see the moral enormity of this proceeding and will at last understand how it has violated certain essential and characteristic principles of their institutions which they cannot afford to lose, I certainly should not give myself the trouble of asking reflecting men to examine the subject. But I do believe there is such hope. Prejudice cannot, in my opinion, longer obscure the issues that are before us. Party rancor, intimidation, cries of "disloyalty," "rebellion," etc., have, one may trust, spent their force. We are still free, and discussion is the vital air of freedom. A policy and course of action which has cost this nation more than one thousand millions of money to administer its government since the close of the civil war must be and will be examined by a free people in all its bearings.

The partition of Poland by Russia, Austria, and Prussia in 1772 has ever since been regarded by the just and enlightened part of mankind as a political crime of the deepest dye. What was it, then, that excited and always will excite the indignation of the world against that despotic act? It was the suppression of the sovereignty of a sovereign people; the annihilation of their right of self-government, and the imposition over a nation of freemen of a domination forced upon them against their consent. Poland had for nine hundred years possessed a free elective monarchy, and for at least three centuries before the ruin of its nationality self-government was more completely the condition of its people than it was that of any other people on the continent of Europe. That the power of appointing the executive head of the state and of electing the diet was in the hands of a body of nobles constituting a very numerous class, and that the peasantry did not participate in the political power, has never been regarded by historians and publicists as justly detracting from the free character of the Polish constitution; for those who held the power of election were the trustees of the nation for the exercise of its great right of governing itself. Of this right it was robbed under various pretexts, and its territory, spoliated by the neighboring sovereigns, was partitioned among them by a treaty which the rest of Europe was too pusillanimous or too weak to resist.

The government of the United States, at the close of the late rebellion against its just authority, had in its own Constitution a rule and measure of its powers and duties in regard to the practical restoration of the Southern States to their true federal relations. So far as the exercise of any punitive justice was needful, it had the constitutional definition of treason, and the power to punish for that offence. So far as future allegiance needed to be secured, the two houses of Congress, in their respective powers of admitting members, had the power to provide by an oath of office that the incumbent would bear proper fidelity to the Constitution of the United States. All that was needed for complete restoration was for Congress to open its doors for the admission of members from the states which had been, but were no longer, in revolt. Everywhere the Southern people looked upon their "cause" as a "lost cause;" everywhere the arbitrament of the sword, to which the supposed right of state secession had been referred, was understood and admitted to have put an end to the controversy and to have rendered the doctrine a thing of the past. But the Federal government would not act as the Constitution empowered and required it to act. Among all the rebels of the great rebellion it has indicted but one man for treason, and him it has never brought to trial. State after state sent its representatives to the doors of Congress knocking for admission, and not one was permitted to enter. *Dis aliter visum*. The political gods who sat in the firmament of power ruled that other measures, other methods, than those of the Constitution, other objects than those which could be measured and dispensed by the fundamental law of the Union, should govern this case. Before the Union could be restored a political party was to be raised up in the South, by means of which the present holders of national power could continue to govern; yet it was impossible to do this without destroying the sovereignty and the self-government of the people of the Southern States, for almost to a man the people of those states who hold the right of self-government, who were the true, lawful, and sovereign people—the trustees for the whole population in the exercise of state political power—could not and would not affiliate politically with the party that ruled in the

national councils. And therefore, without scruple, straight to its object, and directly athwart the sovereign rights of those peoples, the Radical Congress moved in a solid phalanx to the accomplishment of its purpose, and crushed out beneath the heel of military power the very political sovereignty which it should have respected as constituting the state, and forcibly substituted in its place another people on whom it could confer no lawful title whatever. The partition of Poland is the older crime, but, judged in the light of truth and reason and law, it is not a greater one.

For, let it be looked at as it is. Take the case, reader, you who can sit down in your closet, and examine it. Look back to the period that followed the fall of Richmond, and see how plain was the duty of the Federal government, how clear were the methods which the Constitution afforded, how utterly it ignores the methods that have since been pursued. In what part of it can you find an authority for assembling in the act of making a state constitution a horde of negroes who never had the lawful right of participating in any act of government? Where will you find for Congress the power of making voters? Where will you look for the part of your national Constitution which empowers the Federal government to inflict political disability for an offence which that Constitution requires to be defined in advance, and when it solemnly declares that no offence shall be punished by an *ex post facto* law? To what clause in it will you go, when you are called upon to justify the overthrow of a state, while it declares that "no new state shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other state" without the consent of its legislature? and if the suppression of the political sovereignty of a people, and the creation of a wholly new people, be not the formation and erection of a new state, will you tell me what it is? And when you leave the immediate domain of our own Constitution, if you will leave it, and enter upon the broader domain of public law, will you stand face to face with the jurisprudence of Christendom, and tell me how the destruction of the political capacity of a people, constituting an independent state, is anything but an act of inexcusable despotism, to be classed in the great political crimes of nations?

This is strong language. But it is not stronger than the case demands. He who is in earnest about such subjects cannot suppress his convictions. For years I have looked upon the course of this struggle with deep apprehensions about the fate of our political institutions. It seemed to me eminently unfortunate for the country that the settlement of its affairs, after the conclusion of the war, should have been in the hands of a party composed as the Republican party was and is. There was danger, at the best, that the triumph of the Federal government would be regarded as a sectional triumph; as a victory of the North over the South. Doubtless it was, in point of fact, a result due to the greater physical resources of the Northern section; but if the true spirit of the Constitution had animated the party having the control of measures, the victory could have been made a triumph of the Constitution, and not the triumph of a section; for the Constitution afforded a plain limitation of the lawful objects of the war, and forbade the acquisition of any power or any species of dominion for which its terms did not provide. This was publicly confessed and proclaimed by the whole Republican party in Congress, in a resolution in which the objects of the war were correctly set forth; a resolution by which they obtained the co-operation of nearly the whole of that part of the Northern people who were not in political sympathy with them, and which enabled them to draw forth the whole energies of a population superior in numbers and resources to the population of the South. But there was neither sense nor virtue enough in the dominant party to make the proper use of the victory. The temptation to use the emancipated blacks as an element of political power overcame all past professions, all expediency, and all constitutional limitations, until it has carried the Congress of the United States into the most absurd and outrageous project ever attempted by lawless and despotic power, that of making an inferior race predominant over a superior one, and undertaking to make this condition permanent and irreversible.

It has always been a very serious question with the most enlightened statesmen, whether two entirely distinct races can exist peaceably together in the same community without making the one in some degree subordinate to the other. On this subject there have been some extreme opinions, and some which were not extreme. Lord Durham, who investigated with great care the relations between the French and the British inhabitants of Canada, and who was as fair and able a man as was ever sent into that country by the imperial government, formed and officially expressed the opinion that it was impossible for those two races to live together harmoniously on terms of entire political equality. In this country our experience in regard to the different races of European origin has been far more successful. But the problem is a very different one in relation to the races of African and Asiatic origin, when planted in the midst of the European races. It used to be maintained by Mr. Calhoun—and this opinion was the great foundation of his defence of slavery in the South—that two races of different character and origin cannot coexist in the same country without the subordination of the one to the other; and from this he drew the deduction that slavery was the only condition in which the African race could be made useful or be improved, or even be preserved. To destroy that relation was, in his opinion, to doom that race

to destruction. Mr. Clay held substantially the same views on the general subject of the necessity for some subordination; although he did not agree to the absolute necessity of slavery, as it existed in his time. Mr. Webster did not admit the political incompatibility of two races of European origin. In such cases, he held that good government was all that was necessary to produce reasonable harmony. But he said distinctly in his place in the Senate, on one occasion when the general proposition and its particular application to our Southern States were under discussion (in February, 1840), that "he had not a word to say about distinction of color, as in that case the proposition might be true." He did not regard Lord Durham's opinion, when applied to the European races, as founded in reason and philosophy; but he certainly did admit that a difference of color, involving all that this difference does involve, made a very different problem.

Now, the course of our present rulers is founded in an extreme that is the exact counterpart of Mr. Calhoun's opinion, and at the same time appears practically to admit the general and the particular proposition represented by Mr. Calhoun and by Lord Durham. All the Radical measures imply that there is to be subordination of the one race to the other; but they go the extreme length of elevating the inferior race into political superiority over the superior one. In the first place, their fourteenth amendment of the Federal Constitution has this tendency directly; for considering the relative numbers of the blacks, when a state is required to reduce its representation in Congress if it does not confer suffrage on the blacks, it is put under a constraint which makes the blacks to wield an undue proportion of political power. In the next place the whole reconstruction scheme has been so devised and carried out as to empower the colored population to hold a majority of the whites in a condition of disfranchisement just so long as they please; for the constitutions have been so framed that a full political equality can never be enjoyed by the whites until they can affirm the absurd and impossible dogma of political equality for all races and all colors. When they have qualified themselves for political privileges by the profession of this belief the whites will find themselves in many of the states in a numerical minority, if the past relative proportions of the two races are not greatly changed by a rapid diminution of the blacks. Surely no such condition of society was ever before deliberately created by men affecting to be statesmen. It proclaims its purpose on its face. It shows itself to be a scheme for the exercise and perpetuation of party domination. But there is one advantage to be derived from it. It has brought the European races in the United States to the serious consideration and practical solution of the question whether they are to yield to this claim of the blacks to full political equality, and to the further claim which demands for them that the South shall be surrendered to their control. It may turn out that the Caucasian races will negative the demand.

Still, if we disregard this question of race, and look only to the character of the precedent which we are now called upon to sanction or to overthrow by our votes, in its bearing on our political system, it is impossible for us to ignore the serious import of the issue. If the power that has been exercised by Congress over the states and people of the South is affirmed by the result of this Presidential election, it will be a rightful inference hereafter that, in the judgement of a majority of this nation, Congress does possess a power, from some source or other, to make and unmake the sovereign people of a state, whenever, in the opinion of Congress, any political expediency requires such action. It is impossible to point out, in the situation of the Southern States or their relations to the Union, a single circumstance that creates a constitutional foundation for the power that has been exercised. The power must be taken to exist, if it exists at all, under some unwritten law of the Union; and when this Union has been held by its people to have an unwritten law as a source of political powers and as a warrant for the exercise of authority by Congress, pretexts enough can always be found in the situation of any state to justify and call for an application of that law. When we know who is to be the next President we shall know if this is or is not to be our future; for this is the real issue, and it behoves every man who has any thoughts to express to do his utmost toward its elucidation.

G. T. C.
FAR ROCKAWAY, L. I., August 5.

LONGFELLOW'S *HIAWATHA*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In your notice of *Rhymes of the Poets* you introduce some of the author's strictures on Mr. Longfellow's accentuation and pronunciation of Indian words. I have not seen the work, but am certain that it is not happy in the instances you select from *Hiawatha*. That, however, is of no consequence to my purpose in this article. Mr. Longfellow's visit to England, and the just pride his countrymen entertain in him as their representative among foreign men of letters, no less than the intrinsic interest of his productions, seem to invite attention to his works. His *Hiawatha* has been assailed upon various grounds, denied the merit of poetry, and denounced as a plagiarism. It has vindicated itself against these charges, and stands to-day as the great original American poem. So truly is it entitled to this denomination, that it is doubtful whether it will ever be rivalled in the characteristics which justify it—to wit: in graceful diction and metre aptly chosen for

the subject, in beauty of description and simile, and in the wonderful fidelity which makes it not an English but a Chippeway poem. The last of these characteristics is the one I desire to dwell upon at present. A young Chippeway chief, hearing the poem read, exclaimed, "One of my people must have written this," and others of the same people who understand English are delighted not only with its faithful observance of all the conditions of Indian life, but even with its accuracy of Indian pronunciation. Nay, the very word *adjidaumo* (not nasalized French *mon*, but "mo"), which the *Rhymes of the Poets* criticises, is pronounced by them as Mr. Longfellow pronounces it. It may be said that mere fidelity is doubtful praise to bestow upon a poet. In a literal sense it is; but the fidelity which catches and embodies all the suggestions of grandeur, pathos, and beauty of a subject, which, like Goldsmith, sees "The tall cliff which rears aloft its form," instead of a mass of stone; which, like Longfellow, can "fill the night with music," and recognizes the shadowy yearning of the heart which bids the "cares that infest the day"

"Fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away,"

is the perfection of art, while it is the highest truth to nature. Besides, in this instance at least, it bears upon the question of originality—a great question in this age, in which one feels querulous and angry with the past, nay, inimical to the great men, even, of other ages, because so much is cheapened by imitation; and high deeds and noble examples are counterfeited in so many pinchbeck repetitions. May it not be in time a legitimate inquiry, in view of the mob who are donning the lion's skin, whether the existence of real lions is not an absolute evil? Because Shakespeare and Byron and Scott and Longfellow have written nobly, must we endure Walt Whitmans, Bayard Taylors, and Tupper? Are any of these compensations for Holland? Does Plato mitigate Emerson? Can Napoleon be excused for the bulletins which military quacks imitate, or Jackson for the firmness which modern politicians have attenuated to coarse oaths and mulish obstinacy? Is not Junius to blame for Horace Greeley's vulgarity and vituperation? Are not all the orators of Greece criminals when we reflect upon the contagion of their example filling the American world with mouthers, and heaping *The Congressional Globe* so near the heavens as to suggest disagreeable apprehensions of a future state? What a relief it would be to discover a great man who never said a sententious thing, even in death. How delightful since Bonaparte's old grey coat to behold a leading general in clean shirts and well-brushed clothes. In a word, how auspicious will be the day when the forms of action will not be received as its reality; when the mere barbarous jargon and noise, the accidents of other ages, will cease to pass as current coin in whose hands hands choose to clutch them? We did not relish Mr. Dickens's Pograms, yet there would have been no Pograms if there had been no really great men in the past. I see clearly that this will be dubbed nonsense by many; but the fact remains that posthumous greatness is transformed into a dangerous malefactor by the strutting, braying crowd who throng press, forum, rostrum, every American public place.

Mr. Longfellow in *Hiawatha* gave the world a new sensation. We continually hear of this, that, or another poet's naturalness and power. How many know what either of these terms mean? How many know anything about any subject outside of the routine of every-day business? Walt Whitman talks of the personalism of the American individual as if there were a half-dozen identities in the entire nation; and he, by the way, by reason of his not knowing it, is one of the number, be it more or less. Now, naturalness and power are terms precisely applicable to this poem of *Hiawatha*—naturalness in the sense, if the reader pleases, of actual reproduction; power in the simplicity which "tears no passion to tatters," but deals gently with all things. We find in all departments of human expression, especially in politics and book-making, that the weakest men are the strongest talkers. As, for instance, a man who cannot say rebellion, but must clamor out, in the waste of much sweat, "red-handed rebellion;" or in literature must call men who differ from him "liars" instead of gentlemen. The old barbaric taste lingers everywhere, often, though not always, wedded to the old barbaric courage, it is true; but wasting the breath of mortals with over much adjective, and fooling the world with more melodrama than there is real room for. If, therefore, I say that *Hiawatha* is redolent of the forest odors, that it floats out of the damp and haze, the flecked shadows, the solemn mysteries, of primeval wildernesses, do I speak sober truth? If I say it is the true child of the wild North, that region where chaos seems to linger longest; the very offspring of the dizzy precipices, the somber pine-trees, the great storm-lashed lakes, the boiling rapids, and the daring waterfalls, am I doing justice to the work or only essaying a bit of fine writing? If Boston people christen Emerson the "American Plato," why may not I, in an ironical way, say all these things of *Hiawatha*? But I am not ironical. The poem deserves higher praise than it has received, although the author cannot justly complain on that score. It certainly is not the song of a diseased liver, or of a pair of slippers on a fender, or a *Kathrina*-Tupper-sewing-society-patchwork. It does not smell of Boston. It is not provincial. For all which let us thank God, and take courage for our literary future. Neither has it stock barbarism in expression, character, or description. Even Mudjekeewis acts like a rational savage, although he fights in

deadly earnest. Above all, everybody can understand the poem—a paramount concern, not sufficiently regarded by many rhyme-writers; understand not the words, the facts, so to speak, but the human motives and feelings with which it deals. There is no wife here preaching an eternal homily to her husband. The method is so simple that for a long time thousands tried to imitate and travesty it. Indeed, this characteristic is not confined to this poem, but is largely diffused through all Mr. Longfellow's works. *Evangeline*, *The Slave's Dream*, *The Village Blacksmith*, *The Day is Done*, each exemplifies it.

Many readers will think me extravagant in this emphasis of praise. But where there are so many Napoleons at the Pyramids, Ciceros thundering against Catilines, and mock Juniuses bedaubing everybody, is it not a comfort to discover a man with a way of his own? Possibly, Walt Whitman might have merited similar encomium if Carlyle had never lived; but the justice of it, rendered to Mr. Longfellow, is incontrovertible when we view the materials out of which he fashioned his beautiful creation. His hero, Manabozzo of the Chippeways, was noted alike for his imbecility and his wisdom. He was one of those crudities of barbaric tradition who mingle the extremes of littleness and greatness—a man easily deceived, full of self-conceit, mischievous, and childlike. Under like circumstances he would have made Horace Greeley's peace trip to Niagara Falls, and, in fact, he reminds one of *The Tribune* philosopher in many respects—always saving and excepting the fact of his personal courage. Mr. Longfellow, with true poetic tact and taste, has selected only the noble, heroic phase of this character. To have followed the aboriginal traditions, and portrayed Hiawatha as a coarse, indecent savage, would have been very easy. To omit this repulsive view and preserve the Indian type, the natural atmosphere, was an achievement of great difficulty.

The Chippeway tales of Hiawatha abound in grim irony, boisterous fun, and savage superstition. The narrator presents the strange spectacle of turning him into sport, while he blindly believes in his supernatural power. Some of the legends concerning him are as amusing and as interminable as Rabelais. Thus, it is told how he called the birds together and coaxed and fooled them in their own language to stand in rows with their eyes shut while he wrung off their heads; how one little duck, called by the Indians Shingulbis, peeped a little and fluttered to the water in terror, but before he escaped received a kick which caused him and his descendants to waddle ever afterward; how he took the birds he had killed and buried them in glowing embers with their heads sticking out, and bade his thighs to keep watch while he slept; how during his sleep a stealthy savage rifled his store, but left the heads in their places; how the thighs gave faithful warning, but were unheeded by their owner, who awoke and began to pull the heads out to see if his food was done; how he cried, "Ha! now I shall feast," and smacked his lips in gustatory anticipation, while he congratulated himself upon the fidelity of his sentinel and his skill in cookery; but the *dénouement*, the most ludicrous, yet, when regarded in its superstitious aspects, the most important, part of the story, is his disappointment and rage when he discovers the trick which has been played upon him. "Ah!" he cries to his thighs, "I will punish you for this;" whereupon he sits upon them in the fire, roasts them until the pain teaches him they are part of himself. Then he dances and howls in agony and rushes to the mountain side to cool himself; slides down the cold, rugged rocks, covering them with his blood and flesh, which in time turned into an edible moss now common in the country. This is a sample of the tales which are told and believed concerning Hiawatha, and in one respect it is an epitome of all of them. He was the hero of food, the discoverer, inventor, champion of devices for sustaining human life. In a time of famine he sees a friend cook frozen roots; straightaway he calls the people together and bids them collect ice, which he casts into the blaze. They obey him, half in doubt, half in hope. They knew the scarcity of food, the folly of many of his experiments, but they knew, too, his supernatural power. All he did was in the true boasting style of an Indian. At the critical moment he steps forward like a warrior striking the post and reciting his deeds of valor. With a proud air he bids the people feast; but the ice was melted, and the throng jeered him and followed him with imprecations until he hid from sight. His failures and blunders, as well as his successes, all centred in the one object—food. One who has lived among the Chippeways of the North will understand the philosophy of all this. Even in summer the lodges are scattered hither and thither, singly or in isolated groups, in the search for subsistence. Tourists, who at this season see these birch-made, domed-shaped dwellings nestling to grand precipices beside lonely streams, or in the bushless groves of pines near to smooth sand beaches on the lake, are apt to think there is a love of the beautiful in the selection of location. Perhaps there is; for who, save the apostles of the true Boston school, are without a love of the beautiful? But necessity, the cravings of the stomach, are the prime cause; and amid all this grandeur and beauty of nature a grander sight often lurks—of pinched features and famine-glaring eyes, awaiting death in despair; but in winter the difficulty is terrible. The struggle for food is always severe, often desperate, and Longfellow's description in the beginning of *The Famine* is only a literal fact:

"Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes,

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Vainly walked he through the forest :
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly gleaming forests
Fell, and could not rise from weakness ;
Perished there from cold and hunger."

Hiawatha was, according to the legends, the incarnation of this necessity of savage life in the North ; and the ludicrous phases of his character—of which I have given the reader sufficient example—emphasize the gloomy superstitions which cause an unflinching belief in his supernatural power. Here was a man simple enough to try to cook ice ; burning and torturing himself to punish a particular part of his body ; a man laughed at by the women, teased by the children, fooled by animals and fishes ; a simpleton with every savage vice exaggerated, every savage want intensified, blessing his race and leading them by his divine inspiration. It is this characteristic especially which Mr. Longfellow selected in his poem. That he has eliminated it faithfully and beautifully cannot be denied—idealized it somewhat, relieved it, except in the *Ghosts*, of something of its dreariness and woefulness. Of course it would be trite to say of a barbarous people that they are superstitious, and that the superstitions of different barbarians are wonderfully alike. Perhaps "wonderfully" is not the word. They are all human ; all spring from that necessity which bids man to solve the enigmas of his condition by looking upward.

The Chippeway, even in his Christianized state, lives in an atmosphere of superstition. No doubt civilization and the gospel have modified it ; but in his aboriginal condition he walked as one beneath a spell. The trees, the waves of the lakes, the naked sides of the rock-ribbed hills, the wind of heaven, all things animate and inanimate were souled with a baleful power to be propitiated. Spiritual presence was synonymous with mortal terror. Spiritual intervention was only another name for mortal ruin. No religion could be more gloomy or discouraging. To possess the bread of life and to placate the supernatural agencies seem to have been true yokefellows. The evil agencies were many and everywhere. God—not the Christian God, but the aggregate of divine power—was against man, mischievous, bewitching the hunter's traps, entangling his nets, driving game from out of his path. To overcome these evil agencies was as great a boon as to supply the people with food. It was food. Hence Manabozzo (Hiawatha), the perfect Chippeway hero, possessed the power to combat with wicked spirits and to triumph over them.

It was out of such a condition of social life and these legends that Longfellow produced his *Hiawatha*. Even his form of versification is vocal with the splashing waters and animated with the grandeur of the rocky chaos, the mystery of the sombre forests. I know this is a disputed point ; but not with men who have stood upon the scene, and know how simple and how few are the words which breathe the inspiration of beauty and sublimity. The very phrases of the wigwam float in the melody of his lines. The fond love of old Nokomis, her devotion to her grandchild—a characteristic of all human life, but especially of the Chippeways—is portrayed as a sentiment not derived from the author's civilization, but from that "touch of nature" which must be in the poet's heart if he is a true apostle of his high and holy art. Ah me ! what beauty in the songs of childhood, wherever sung ; what eternal melody in the love of woman as she gazes on the helpless, puny being who by her care will grow to manhood ; and glorious is the pure spirit which detects and loves this beauty and melody, even when they float and linger in the smoke-smirched birch of the wigwam or over the little board cradle hanging from the summer-clad branches of the forest trees.

"Ewa yea, my little owl,
Who is this that lights the wigwam,
With his great eyes lights the wigwam ?
Ewa yea, my little owl."

I might give many instances of Mr. Longfellow's fidelity as a delineator of Indian life, but this paper has grown too long already. The beauty of his work is now no longer disputed. The greatness of his genius is the heritage of many lands ; his is one of the few hands which touch the chords of all hearts ; his one of the gentle spirits which give to households their songs. And now when a kindred nation bids him welcome to the birth-place of his language, and of the great poets and writers of his race, what American is there who does not feel that he is a glory to his country ? and who anywhere does not know that he is not "an humbler poet," but one of the great heirs of Time and sons of human sympathies and necessities ? because his

"song gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer
Or tears from the eyelids start."

WAYNE.

DETROIT, July 25.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

HORSE AND FOOT.*

THIS book, we see, is a beginning, and we hope it is a harbinger also of other and maturer produc-

**Horse and Foot*; or, *Pilgrims to Parnassus*. By Richard Crawley. London: John Camden Hotten. 1868.

tions. It is a young book—in places very young—but there are upon it the marks of power. The author is, we are informed, a late graduate at Oxford, and one of some little mark in the circles where literature makes its *début*. The talent of the book is plain ; but the first thing that strikes the reader is not that, but a certain easy and assured way Mr. Crawley has of introducing himself, which, in a man who begins in the delicate rôle of a satirist, impresses us favorably. He has really very little of the offensive consciousness of young authors generally, and speaks just about enough of himself to avoid the other extreme of conspicuous silence—that favorite and feeble device of false modesty.

The satire is a hotch-potch about nothing and about everything. Its best point is that it is so thoroughly in the present. To be sure, Mr. Crawley fires away at everything ; that is to be expected ; the mischievous, but no way malicious, iconoclasm which begins on toys and works up through windows, paternal watches, champagne bottles, and constables' heads, is apt to take its fling at any time before thirty by running a muck in this way. But Mr. Crawley is always at point-blank range. His targets are always near things—men and doings of to-day. We can see, we can hear the bell ring, if he hits the bull's-eye. Almost his very first lines tilt away thus gayly :

"For Mill, a prophet and a man of parts,
Adapts his doctrine to our hardened hearts ;
Gives mortals two,* and parsons three or four,
Though five's sheer folly, and 'brute instinct' more :
And I'll uphold, when men and gods have done,
That 'en a poet has his right to one.
Yet haste, good people, ere the sentence fall,
Soon 'twill be crime to propagate at all ;
Soon Mill's successor, in his glorious course,
Will make the nation bachelor by force" (ll. 11-20).

Patmore, Woolner—he of the *Beautiful Lady*—Trollope, the unquenchable "S. G. O." Beales, and the universities, all stand up for punishment in quick succession. Nor is there lack of style in the attack. Mr. Crawley seems to appreciate the fact that the professional fierceness of satire is not very lofty warfare, but that its best strategy is a flank movement, and its natural mode of assault *verris obliquum mediantis ictum*.

Going on past nothing very bad, and nothing much else except a Titanic frankness on every subject, we strike a dissertation on Browning that, coming from Young England, ought to interest Americans :

"Good news ! for Browning like a rebel comes,
With bells rung backward, and with beating drums ;
No lucky he, no Muses' minister,
But glorious anarchy's adventurer ;
Let other drivellers seek the queue to join,
And basely reign as regents to the Nine,
Their title own, and to the laws conform.
But sturdy Robert tries the hill by storm.
A painted sphinx upon his sleeve he wears,
A painted sphinx his rebel banner bears ;
She from the cradle called him for her own,
And her he destined for the Muse's throne ;
Her throne by right, and only theirs by wrong,
Got in wild times of conquest for a song.

"For this a mercenary troop he hires
Of words cast out of scientific quires ;
Each lewd expression of the baser sort,
Each inky pedant still o'erlooked at court,
Each rugged outlaw from the realms of rhyme,
In awkward squads that never marched in time ;
Phrases seduced from business and from prose,
Or kept by botanists to scare the crows ;
Each hunched monster melancholic grown
With firing on a Lexicon alone ;
Their ammunition terrible to see,
A paste of science and theology,
Much loved by those whom *Alma Mater* woans
And centuries escaping from their teens.
All these he draws, and drills the horrid line,
And bastinadoes into discipline ;
While for reserve a convict force appears,
Whom even Barham broke for mutineers !
He bids the bagpipes jangle for the fight,
And leads them on beneath the cloud of night.

"So let him fare, lost rebel though he be,
The noblest, greatest of the lost ones he ;
He leaves afar the ruck of those who fell,
And towers like Satan midst the mob of Hell" (ll. 157-194).

Now, is not this a pretty fair speed for a trial-trip ? We must say we like it, both as to matter and manner. It is honestly thought, at any rate, and we have seen a good many worse descriptions of the profound janglings which seem the monomania of this Robert Le Diable of our literature.

Matthew Arnold comes in next for a long, bitter screech, which we find the worst part of the book. It is not only virulent, but crude and coarse. Oxonians, like others, are at liberty, if their arms are long enough, to deal a good hard English blow at Matthew Arnold ; but Matthew Arnold is at least always temperate, fair, and a gentleman. Mr. Crawley's way of assailing him and his Pre-Raphaelite school is too much like brandishing a bludgeon before a gentleman's house and chal-

lenging him to a mill according to the rules of the P. R. There is more of the butcher-boy than the knight about the whole of it. We do not think this was intentional, but rather suspect that a lingering trace of that contempt which scholars always feel for those whose business it is to know more than themselves seduced him beyond that *juste milieu* of manly straightforwardness which elsewhere he shows that he can hit. And yet this Parthian farewell is lively verse, and with its neatness as well as fairness covers a multitude of previous sins :

"Yet, when thy barbarous metres are forgot,
When Balder dies and Mudie knows him not,
When Etna hides Empedocles again,
And 'en thy Merman sleeps beneath the main ;
Thyrsis shall live ; here Friendship fired the lay,
The man was there, the critic far away ;
And the sad spirit weeping o'er the grave,
Where Fate in envy ravished ere she gave,
Burst its strong bonds, a moment wandered free,
And showed the world the bard it lost in thee ;
Thyrsis shall live, and thou in Thyrsis shine
A critic, pedant, coxcomb, yet divine" (ll. 318-329).

After Arnold, of logical necessity, we have Swinburne, who gets the extra quantity of ninety-odd lines. They are among the best ; pretty severe, pretty just, and with a good deal of pith and point in the putting of them. We know our readers will at least enjoy this little scrap of over-true burlesque :

"Oh ! be amusing, if you can't be good,
And, unlike Elty, sometimes stir the blood ;
'Tis scarcely heaven to sing in Holywell,
But 'tis the devil to be dull as well ;
And lithe long lips, whose kisses burn and bite,
Fierce arms that smite and slay, or slay and smite,
The bright, light feet, the splendid supple thighs,
Doves, loves, blood, blushes, serpents, sobs and sighs—
These fleshly raptures, even you must own,
Are flat to rakes before their beards have grown ;
And maudlin —, weeping o'er the bowl,
Laments and feels his carcass holds a soul" (ll. 350-361).

Still, he praises Swinburne strongly and discriminately, and assigns him his rank at the head of to-day's poets. Next Henry Taylor is set up and bowled over with no notable brilliancy, and his well-known views on Byron demolished in a remarkably fierce foot-note. Then he bids—

"Hush, admire ! a Laureate strikes the strings,
And praises Albert for begetting kings."

There are some good hits at Tennyson's peculiarities—the city clerk and his medicine-glass, the burly, bull-headed Geraint, and the very improbable Sir Sagamore. Kingsley and several minor names bridge the way to William Morris, to whom he is as kind as all good Oxonians ought to be, and whom he only leaves to be praised, both in verses above and foot-notes below, the lamblike archness and idyllic friskings of Miss Rossetti, which he finds very fine with a ludicrous seeming of sincerity. We think this decidedly the best joke in the book.

After this, indeed, there is little or nothing left. The satire slopes downward from Tennyson to an anticlimax. Jean Ingelow's portrait, a passing word for poor Patmore, and a furious mauling of Robert Buchanan bring the satire to an abrupt close.

The verse, though, is only half, and as to individuality the lesser half, of the book. All along there is the funniest running commentary of foot-notes imaginable. These overflow with the quintessence of college-ism. They read like extracts from a diary such as young gentlemen keep when "doing" a course of special literature. Every subject is discussed, Mr. Crawley's impressions stated, and the matter settled, in the most charmingly conclusive way in the world. We are not sure that all will like the verses as well as we do, but the annotations are simply delicious. From the satire itself we should credit Mr. Crawley with twenty-five years, but these notes leave him dangling anywhere between that and eighteen.

In short, *Horse and Foot* is slightly young, English, vigorous, smart, trenchant often, and lively always, with much power and more promise—a windfall, but from a tree that may tower.

A SISTER'S STORY.*

IT is an indication of the sound and, as yet, unperverted condition of a portion of the reading world of France that at a time when the press is teeming with sensational works, with profligate novels, representing, under the most attractive aspect, characters and scenes revolting to morality, a book so pure and elevating in its tendency, which affords so genial a picture of domestic love, deep religious sentiment, and Christian devotion as is embodied in the present story, should have passed through twelve editions and attained a great and well-merited popularity. It in no way appeals to the prevailing taste, nor have its characters any sympathies in common with those who, for

**A Sister's Story*. By Mrs. Augustus Craven. Translated from the French by Emily Bowles. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1868.

* i. e., Children.

the present, rule the destinies of France; it consists of the history of several members of a family who claim our veneration for the virtues which were not displayed to the world; who lived for God rather than self; who walked by faith and not by sight. Their lives and energies were given to God's service, their example served to animate and purify all who came in contact with them; they were, however, wholly free from asceticism, and entered with spirit and interest into the concerns of daily life; but with their exterior cheerfulness there was a deep and pious resolve, and an evidence of that latent power which in earlier ages sustained the martyrs of the Church. Mrs. Craven's self-imposed task—dictated by love and duty—was by no means an easy one. The materials from which she compiled her family history were fragmentary in the extreme: letters, notes, memoranda, journals, the outpourings of the self-communing devotee; to choose among this great mass of manuscript, and arrange it with method and continuity, was a laborious undertaking, but she was aided in the performance of her work by a reverential admiration for the dear ones who had passed away and an affectionate desire to assist in extending their beneficial influence.

"It was," she says, "because they lived in the world and followed its ordinary customs, and were not recluses and inmates of the cloister, that I hope the history of their lives will prove useful to many who turn away dismayed and discouraged from examples of more austere sanctity."

The Comte de la Ferronnays, father of the author, was appointed in 1819 ambassador at St. Petersburg from the court of France; he belonged to the old *régime*, as did his wife, who was sister to the Duchess de Blacas. We have through the story glimpses of the interior life of a class of society to which foreigners seldom gain access, more especially at the present day, when the *ancienne noblesse* is apt to absent itself from court; beside which, we are made acquainted with some of the best features of French character, upon which it might be well for us, pausing in our reckless and unceasing race through life, to take time to reflect. The childhood of Pauline, afterwards Mrs. Craven, was passed in Russia and in Rome, where her father was subsequently appointed ambassador; and in various other parts of Italy she and the other children spent some of their happiest days. Even after the revolution of 1830, which placed the Orleanist dynasty on the French throne, and of course caused the Comte de la Ferronnays, a staunch Bourbonist, to resign his office, the family passed a delightful winter in Naples; and in 1832 Albert, the hero of the story, went to Rome with M. de Montalembert, whose friendship he enjoyed throughout his brief but interesting life.

About this time Albert met his future wife, Alexandrine, the daughter of a Swedish nobleman; she was born at St. Petersburg and was baptized in the Greek Church, the Emperor Alexander being her sponsor. Notwithstanding his extreme devotion to the Church of Rome, Albert fell deeply in love with this young girl, whose conversion to what he considered the true faith seems to have been an object of greater importance to him than even his marriage with her, for in her journal, after transcribing his first letter to her, she writes:

"O my God! Thou art witness that in these his first written words to me he spoke more of his desire for my conversion than of his own love, and revealed the intensity of that greater desire before he showed me the strength of his affection. Reward him, O my God! with Thy blessing for this singleness of heart, or rather let the blessing fall on me, for I have more need of it in Thy sight than he has now!"

The numerous letters written by Albert to Count Montalembert disclose a mind endowed with the enthusiasm of poetical and religious feelings; but he writes like one who knows his earthly career is destined to be brief, and there is an air of sad and dim repose about him, a calm and saintly elevation, a tender melancholy always mingled with his human love. One of the most attractive features of the story is the strong affection which all the members of the family seemed to feel for one another, and their high appreciation of Alexandrine, whose character is beautifully drawn by the loving hand of her husband's sister. Shortly after Albert's marriage he and his wife established themselves at Castellamare, where they were joined by the other members of the family. Of their pleasant residence there Mrs. Craven gives a charming picture:

"A flight of steps, overarched by a trellis of vines and roses, led from the road to that pretty house. The ground floor was inhabited by Albert and Alexandrine; Charles and Emma occupied the first floor; my parents, Fernand, my sisters, and I, the second. Each set of apartments had a balcony, and we could pass from one to another by means of an out-of-door staircase. We all assembled for meals, and often also read together, for we were always delighted at any opportunity of meeting. Never, I believe, were there brothers, sisters, brothers-in-law, and sisters-in-law so gladly and cordially united as we were. It was in the course of that summer that I was married, and the event interested the dear people about me very nearly as much as it did myself. Happy days followed the one in which my marriage was finally decided upon. One of them I particularly remember as having been as calm and blissful as any

I ever spent. I have already said that Albert and Alexandrine occupied the ground floor of our house. Their windows opened on a short flight of steps, which led to the garden. On that evening, which I so well recollect, their room was full of light, flowers, and music. Eugénie was singing, and as we sat on the steps outside we listened while chatting to her wonderfully beautiful voice. We enjoyed the perfume of the orange flowers and roses, and gazed on the matchless view, then illuminated by the moon and stars, and also by the flames of Vesuvius, from whose crater a broad stream of fire was descending toward the plain, in the direction of Ottagano. Ah, we were all indeed perfectly happy at that moment! The joy of Albert and Alexandrine seemed a foretaste and a pledge of our own, while ours heightened what they felt. Dear Eugénie, with her overflowing affection and sympathy, was as gay as a bird and as bright as a sunbeam. Fernand also enlivened by his merriest cordial sympathy was all we could wish. They had the largest of our three balconies, and there we all used to sit, and remained often far into the night—those Italian nights which never fall upon one, and which are more glorious even than the days. I think my father and mother had never been so fully satisfied, or so entirely enjoyed seeing their children gathered around them. But, alas! we were on the mountain top. We had attained the highest point of earthly happiness."

The happiness of Albert and Alexandrine was destined to be of short duration. Ten days after their marriage she saw him put his handkerchief to his mouth, and on his removing it observed that it was stained with blood; the disease which was eventually to separate them was made manifest after such a brief period of happiness, and all his after life was one long yearning for eternity. How beautifully and with what cheerfulness and devotion she performed all the duties of a wife, the reader can only learn from the perusal of Alexandrine's journal; the story of her conversion is best given by herself; the record of her after life is to be found in those fragmentary remains which are ushered into a wider sphere of publicity by her affectionate relative, who considered that their intrinsic beauty justified her in redeeming them from obscurity. To the reader they reveal no new source of feeling, nor does he perceive in them any very novel conceptions of religious or moral obligations; he only sees in them an illustration of that strong faith which animates devout Christians through life's trials and sustains them in the hour of death. After a touching account of Albert's death, Mrs. Craven says:

"Alexandrine did not leave off writing in her journal during the heart-breaking days which ensued, but for the present I shall close the record with the following words, which seem to sum up, as it were, both the love and sorrow of this portion of her life, together with the immortal hope with which both were crowned. They were written a week after Albert died:

"O my God! Do not put asunder what Thou Thyself hast joined together. Pardon my boldness, and do Thou, O my Father! who art in Heaven, let me bring before Thee that we never ceased to bear Thee in mind. That we never wrote to each other even a little love-letter without naming Thy name and invoking Thy blessing upon us. Remember that we continually prayed to Thee together, and that we always besought Thee that our love might be eternal in Heaven."

As literary efforts neither the letters nor the diaries can rank very high, but they derive their value from the impressiveness which attaches to the writings of those who are earnest and truthful, and who say exactly what they mean.

In the writings of Mrs. Craven there is less of that hazy mysticism which often pervades Catholic books, less of the dreaminess in which authors of religious works are wont to indulge; she has all the spirituality which belongs to a Frenchwoman, all the purity and love which finds its source in womanly tenderness and appeals to the deepest sympathies of the human heart.

The friendship which Count Montalembert entertained for Albert he extended to the whole family, and in 1848 he writes to Mrs. Craven:

"How often, in comparing the present crisis with that of 1830, has your image and that of your family risen before me. It was in 1831 that I was, so to speak, aggregated to your family, and since that time you have been all more or less associated with every event and emotion of my life. But death has been merciless! Albert, Eugénie, your father, Olga, Alexandrine, and your mother, all successively carried off within such a short time. And this gloomy year, 1848, marked by two such irreparable losses! What a subject for thought, for regret, and for tears; but also what a motive for us, the unhappy survivors, to remain more closely united than ever. I ardently desire that our friendship may always continue."

LIBRARY TABLE.

HORACE WILDE. By Mrs. M. Jeanie Mallory. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.—The novel which is written for the purpose of enforcing some peculiar theory, religious or other, passes at once out of its proper province; it should form a source of relaxation from severer studies, and not be used as a vehicle for controversy. It may be well to mingle instruction with amusement, to inform the understanding and exercise the reasoning faculties of the reader, to explain the principles of religion and morality in a clear and familiar manner; but it is from the preacher and the moralist that we are willing to receive this kind of instruction, and when we find religious controversy intermingled with a love story we are apt to think that the author of the book has mistaken his, or her, vocation. To the ordinary novel-reader the discussions of doctrinal points are wearisome, while to one of a serious turn of mind the lighter portions of the story seem frivolous. Writers of religious novels are generally intolerant upon

principle, and so ignorant of the world that they never present a fair picture of it, but sacrifice the truth of life to the exigencies of a practical end. That they are often earnest and well-meaning people, there can be no doubt; but they are not superior to the prejudices of their sect, and set an undue value on the preservation of its peculiar tenets, which causes them to represent Christianity in a very limited and unattractive aspect.

The people among whom Horace Wilde's lot is cast are very good and very narrow-minded. Nellie, the heroine of the story, is a young lady whose affections are kept admirably under control, and who entertains very strong and decided views upon religious questions; otherwise she is a very charming person; and Horace is, of course, a very exceptional and exemplary young man who goes through a very severe probation with extraordinary patience. A letter written by Nellie's mother before her death contains, beside much good advice, the following:

"These, or the absence of these, dear Nellie, are the leading qualities that should mark the man of your choice. If he possess the moral and social qualities I have represented, if he possess a manly gentleness, a prepossessing address without vanity, a refined feeling without ostentation, he would, in the estimation of the world, be considered a noble man, and worthy the hand and love of any woman. But there is one other consideration of far greater moment, to which I would call your prayerful attention. Remember, my child, I address you as a Christian, for such I trust you are; and not a nominal Christian only, but one anxious to learn and do the will of her heavenly Father.

"Marry no man who is not a Christian. 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers,' is our Saviour's express command. Trust not to your influence—hope not for conversion after marriage; it is tempting God. That man who has no faith, no hope of a happy immortality, no strong-armed trust that it shall be well with him in all the future—that man is not the companion for a child of God."

Acting upon this, which she receives as a command, Nellie refuses Horace, and, after many struggles and conflicts, he becomes converted and is baptized.

Cameos from English History. By the Author of the *Heir of Redclyffe*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.—This title is explained by the author's statement of her scheme, which was to supply suitable historical reading or instruction for young people who have, on the one hand, outgrown the baby-histories that amplify the accepted round of historical legends, but have not yet reached an age when they are prepared for the larger histories, or can "be expected to remember or take an interest in personages or events left, as it were, in the block." Accordingly, in this series, originally written for a juvenile's periodical, the plan was "to take either individual characters or events bearing on our [English] history, . . . so that each, taken by itself, might form an individual Cameo or gem in full relief, and thus become impressed upon the mind." Beginning, then, with the Scandinavian incursions, more than a century before the Norman conquest, we have in some forty "Cameos," each complete in itself, though attaining greater interest and intelligibility from acquaintance with its predecessors, what is really a fairly complete and uninterrupted history of England down to Edward II.'s overthrow at Bannockburn and Douglas's departure for the Holy Land with the heart of the Bruce. Another volume is promised, to contain an account, in the same manner, of the Wars of the Roses and the other conflicts of the middle ages. Children so often take fancies to things which seem little adapted to their taste that we have some hesitation, especially in consideration that this long series succeeded as it originally appeared in a magazine, in giving our opinion of it. To us the book has been very interesting as we have read a large portion of it, but the style has seemed entirely beyond the comprehension of those for whom it is designed; and, striking and picturesque as the events and personages often are, the narration has seemed at times so elliptical and compact as to be likely to fatigue ordinary young folk. A too simple style is, perhaps, the worst offence in such a book, but this is at times difficult and dry even for mature readers; it abounds in words that will be, if not encountered for the first time, at least unfamiliar; and, moreover, we cannot see the propriety of such affectations as "Harthaknut" and "Charles le Magne," which will only serve to bewilder and discourage the child when he comes, as he inevitably must, to replace them with the accepted Hardicanute and Charlemagne. Still, as history, the book is excellent, the author's knowledge and skill as a writer being by no means elementary. The elders at least will enjoy it, whatever the youngsters may do; and even should we be correct in opining that the latter would pronounce it hard and dry, even that difficulty might be surmounted if it were employed as a reading exercise under the guidance of a competent commentator.

I. The Lives of General U. S. Grant and Schuyler Colfax. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 1868.—**II. Life and Public Services of General Ulysses S. Grant, from his Boyhood to the present time; and a Biographical Sketch of Hon. Schuyler Colfax.** By Charles A. Phelps, late Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and President of the Massachusetts Senate. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1868.—**III. The Life of Schuyler Colfax.** By Rev. A. Y. Moore, of South Bend, Indiana. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 1868.—Among the incidental sillinesses of the presidential election a prominent position must be given to "memoirs" of this sort. Apart from the intrinsic absurdity of writing biographies of men still living, the claim of political celebrities upon the public consists in their participation in events so exciting that only the distance of time or of place can enable the observer to form an estimate of them which is entitled to any consideration. The first of

the books named above is an affair of the paste-pot, diversified by extremely bad wood-cuts. Doubtless the gullibility of the great portion of an enlightened constituency will insure it a large sale. Besides, it has the merit of affording to the political orator chapter and verse for all the representations upon which he will have to insist, while troubling him with none of those which it is his business to keep out of sight. Mr. Phelps's work is in every way a better one and appears to avoid all the absurdities which, from the nature of the case, are not unavoidable. The book, to begin with, is a handsome one, and its steel likenesses are well done, while the letter-press is made up of really creditable work. The writer's plan has been to give a view—a eulogium, of course—of Grant's character, from his youth till the close of the war, in which his preface tells us, and truly, "he has sought to avoid a partisan harangue." The result is a work which may be read with pleasure by the better class of Grant's supporters—Mr. Colfax's share of the book being limited to a score of pages. The third book is of a more ambitious sort, being well printed and bound, and illustrated with a really good steel-plate likeness of Mr. Colfax. Mr. Moore, being the pastor as well as townsman of Mr. Colfax, regards him, as we presume all South Benders do, with an immensity of veneration and a profound conviction of his greatness that are very funny indeed. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the work is the notion of the function of biography which the author evinces by the naïve insertion in his preface of this note:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., May 30, 1868.

"MY DEAR MR. MOORE: As your prediction of a year ago has been realized, I have no further objection to your publishing any sketch, more or less full, of my life, you may have prepared. As you were for a dozen years a fellow-townsmen of mine, and a valued friend, I suppose you know as much about my history as the public would care about knowing; and although my engrossing duties here leave me no time to revise the manuscript (!), I have no fear that your work will not be a faithful one.

"Yours, very truly,

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

"Rev. A. Y. Moore, South Bend, Indiana."

As the newspapers say, comment is superfluous. We may, however, suggest to Mr. Parton, for instance, this valuable precedent—recollections of the Rev. J. S. C. Abbott alone prevent our regarding it as truly original—which he may find useful whenever he shall come to the concluding volume of his life of Gen. Butler.

The Charities of New York, Brooklyn, and Staten Island. By Henry J. Cammann and Hugh N. Camp. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1868.—The object of this work, as is stated in the preface, is threefold: first, "to give a reliable and readable account of the charities of New York city;" second, to aid generously-disposed persons with information as to how they can best bestow their charity; and, third, to bring charitable institutions under the notice of those who have not hitherto thought of these outlets for superfluous wealth. It is our duty to say that this threefold object will not fail of accomplishment from any defect of this book. It has been compiled with very great care and no small amount of labor; it is elegantly printed in large type, which cannot fail to be legible to those whose departing eyesight hoarded wealth cannot restore, and from whose grasp it must soon escape. The work gives the history and statistics of fifty-nine institutions, all deserving and many requiring the aid of charitable persons. At present, when the example of charity on a large scale set by George Peabody is being followed by other beneficent persons, it cannot be otherwise than of great service. Many parts of it the author of *The Romance of Charity* might have incorporated in his work with advantage. It is cheering to find that alongside the mass of crime, poverty, and suffering with which New York abounds there is a spirit of beneficence which promises to fight these monsters to the death. The work is embellished with wood-cuts of several prominent institutions.

The Complete Poetical Works of Robert Burns, with Explanatory and Glossarial Notes, and a Life of the Author. By James Currie, M.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.—This is the paper issue of the *Globe Edition* of Burns's works which we have already noticed, and it only remains to express our astonishment at its marvellous cheapness. The book is printed throughout in fair, handsome type, on clear, firm paper, and it is difficult to conceive how any admirer of the Scottish poet could lay out the small sum of fifty cents more profitably than in the purchase of this delightful volume—only less difficult, indeed, than to understand how the publishers can sell it without absolute loss. The collection of the poems appears to be very complete, and the position of the glossarial notes, at the foot of the page, is certainly a great relief to the reader. Burns is eminently nature's poet, and in this charming and convenient garb we know of no author that will make a pleasanter companion among the woods and fields.

Doty Dimple at Home. By Sophie May. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1868.—As there is no particular interest in this story we must presume it was written for the purpose of showing what an intolerable nuisance an ill-tempered child can be, and how culpable the parents of such children are, how derelict in their duty to society as well as to their offspring, when they neglect to exercise that wholesome discipline which, if administered in infancy, will serve to subdue the evil propensities too often arising in after years.

Good News. New York: P. S. Wynkoop & Son.—The attempt to issue a religious publication that is neither sectarian nor dogmatic is praiseworthy in the extreme, and one that will call forth the best wishes of many moderate

yet earnest people; but it is also hazardous because it risks the displeasure of the determined and one-sided in every sect, who are, of course, always more influential than the latitudinarians. The contents of the first two numbers should win subscribers to the new undertaking, for they breathe throughout a manly freedom from cant, and amply establish the new-comer's right to live.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- POTT & AMERY, New York.—The Annunciation: A Poem. By John Hillhouse. Illustrated. Pp. 64. 1868.
PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION, Philadelphia.—Old Vigilance, and His Pet. Pp. 248.
A Gathered Blossom, and Other Stories. Pp. 216.
Nelly's Neighbor, and Other Stories. Pp. 216.
Words of Truth and Love. By Rev. W. S. Plumer, D.D. Pp. 126.
LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.—People's Edition: Life and Public Services of General Ulysses S. Grant, and A Biographical Sketch of Hon. Schuyler Colfax. By Charles A. Phelps. Illustrated. Pp. xv, 344. 1868.
WM. V. SPENCER, Boston.—Sermons Preached in Indiana Place Chapel, Boston. By James Freeman Clarke. Pp. vi, 364. 1868.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia; CHAPMAN & HALL, London.—A Memoir of Baron Bunsen. Drawn chiefly from the family papers. By his widow, Frances Baroness Bunsen. In 2 vols. Vol. I, Pp. 637. Vol. II, Pp. 616. 1868.
The Holy Land. By William Hepworth Dixon. Pp. xi, 418. 1868.
ALFRED L. SEWELL, Chicago.—Our Branch and its Tributaries, being a History of the Work of the North-western Sanitary Commission and its Auxiliaries during the War of the Rebellion. By Mrs. Sarah Edwards Henshaw. Pp. xvi, 432. 1868.
D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—Appleton's Mathematical Series. A Mental Arithmetic. By G. P. Quackenbos, A.M. Pp. 168. 1868.
Cornell's Primary Geography. By S. S. Cornell. Pp. 100.
Cornell's Intermediate Geography. By the same. Pp. 96.
TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.—The Charles Dickens Edition: Little Dorrit. By Charles Dickens. With eight illustrations. Pp. vi, 522. 1868.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia; S. W. PARTRIDGE & Co., London.—George Fox, the Friends, and the Early Baptists. By William Tallack. Pp. xi, 195. 1868.
ROBERT CLARKE & Co., Cincinnati.—The Court Sermon, 1674. Supposed to have been written by Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury. Pp. viii, 54. 1868.
Paritani: A Poem, in seven cantos. Pp. 94. 1868.

PAMPHLETS.

- GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, London and New York.—The Works of William Shakspeare. Edited by Charles Knight. Pp. iv, 764. 1868.
POTT & AMERY, New York.—The Periodic Law. By Rev. Geo. A. Leakin, A.M. Pp. 108. 1868.
HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.—American Edition of Dr. William Smith's Dictionary of the Bible. Revised and Edited by Professor H. B. Hackett, D.D., with Ezra Abbott, A.M., A.A.S. Pp. i, 233, 1344.
LORING, Boston.—Lucy; or, Married for Pique. From the German of E. Junker. By Jos. A. Sigismund. Pp. 52.
J. SABIN, New York.—Catalogue of the Library collected by the late Professor Amos Dean. For sale by Joseph Sabin. Pp. 186.
We have received current numbers of *The Sunday-School Teacher*—Chicago; *The Month*—London and Baltimore; *The Photographer*—Philadelphia; *Good News*—New York.

TABLE-TALK.

MR. HENRY MORLEY'S alleged discovery of a hitherto unknown poem by Milton seemed to us so wholly disproved by the note from the librarians which we printed last week (and which had appeared on the day on which was made up the last mail we had then received, so that no replies had reached us) that we made but slight mention of the matter. Additional light, however, has left with us very little doubt of the genuineness of what must be regarded the greatest literary discovery of many a day. We proceed, therefore, to give *ab initio* and at length the history of the discovery and progress of the controversy as far as it has reached us. The first, Mr. Morley sets forth himself, in a letter to *The Times*, wherein he expresses his desire that the authenticity of the poem may be "strictly and generally tested."

"... It exists in the handwriting of Milton himself, on a blank page in the volume of *Poems both English and Latin* which contains his *Comus*, *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*. It is signed with his initials, and dated October, 1647. It was discovered in this manner: I had undertaken to contribute a small pleasure book of literature to a cheap popular series, and in forming such a volume from the writings of the poets who lived in the time of Charles I. and the Commonwealth, where I did not myself possess original editions of their works to quote from, I looked for them in the reading-room of the British Museum. Fortunately, it did not seem to me useless to read a proof containing passages from Milton with help of the original edition of his English and Latin poems published in 1645. There are two copies of that book in the Museum—one in the general library, which would be the edition commonly consulted, and the other in the noble collection formed by George III., known as the King's Library, which was the copy I referred to. The volume contains first the English, then the Latin poems of that first period of Milton's life, each separately pagged. The Latin poems end on page 87, leaving the reverse of the leaf blank; and this blank I found covered with handwriting, which, to any one familiar with the collection of fac-similes in the late Mr. Sotheby's *Rambles in Elucidation of the Autograph of Milton*, would, I think, convey at first glance the impression it conveyed to me, that this was the handwriting of John Milton. It proved to be a transcript of a poem in fifty-four lines, which Milton, either for himself or for some friend, had added to this volume. It is entitled simply an *Epitaph*, and signed by him 'J. M., Ober 1647.' He was then in his 39th year. As the page is about the size of a leaf of note-paper, the handwriting is small. Thirty-six lines were first written, which filled the left-hand side of the page, then a line was lightly drawn to the right of them, and the book being turned sideways, the rest of the poem was packed into three little columns, eight lines in each of the first two columns, and the other two lines at the top of the third column, followed by the initials and date. Upon the small blank space left in this corner of the page the Museum stamp is affixed, covering a part of Milton's signature. . . ."

Before quoting the poem we may mention that at the outset the critics accepted it as genuine. *The Globe*, for instance, pronounced that "the lines are truly Miltonic;" that the couplet beginning *The sacred sisters* "might be sworn to in any court;" and that "the internal evidence we regard as very strong indeed." *John Bull* said that it "bears on the face of it evidence that it is Milton's. No other could have composed it." *The Spectator* was of the opinion that "certainly, if internal evidence may be trusted,

it is Milton's;" and added, "A good critic might have imitated the style, but nobody but Milton himself could have infused into those long words, and far-fetched thoughts, and forced images such a subtle melody as penetrates lines like these" (quoting the fourteen verses from *Think not, reader, to With Cleopatra's sepulchre*). Let us now quote the poem, as printed for the second time in *The Athenæum*, there having been two previous versions—one that originally printed in *The Times*, the other a revision of it in *The Athenæum*, from which has been copied that which has appeared in the American papers,—in each of which are important variations from the MS.:

"AN EPITAPH.

"He whom Heaven did call away
Out of this Hermitage of clay,
Has left some reliques in this Urne
As a pledge of his returne.
Meane while ye Muses doe deplore
The losse of this their paramour
With whom he sported ere y^e day
Budded forth its tender ray.
And now Apollo leaves his laies
And puts on cypres for his bayes.
The sacred sisters tune their quills
Onely to y^e blubbering rills,
And whilst his doome they thinke upon
Make their owne teares their Helicon
Leaving y^e two-topt mount divine
To turne votaries to his shrine.
Think not (reader) me less blest
Sleeping in this narrow cist
Than if my ashes did lie hid
Under some stately pyramid.
If a rich tombe makes happy y^e
That Bee was happier far y^e men
Who busie in y^e thymie wood
Was fettered by y^e golden flood
Wth frō y^e Amber-weeping Tree
Distilled downe so plentifully;
For so this little wanton Elfe
Most gloriously enshrind itselfe.
A tombe whose beauty might compare
With Cleopatra's sepulchre.
"In this little bed my dust
Incurtaind round I here entrust,
Whilst my more pure and nobler part
Lyes entomb'd in every heart.
"Then pass on gently ye y^e mourners,
Touch not this mine hollowed Urne.
These Ashes w^{ch} doe here remaine
A vitall tincture still retainē
A seminall forme within ye deepe
Of this little chaos sleeps;
The thred of life untwisted is
Into its first existencies;
Infant Na^{ture} cradled here
In its principles appeare.
This plant th^{us} calcin'd into dust
In its Ashes rest it must.
Untill sweet Psyche shall Inspire
A softning and p^{ro}lific fire
And in her fost'ring armes enfold
This Heavy and this earthly mould:
Then, as I am Ile be no more
But bloome and blossom b . . .
When this cold munnies shall retreat
By a more y^e Chymick heat.

"J. M., Ober 1647."

Two days after the first printing of the poem Lord Winchelsea, writing in *The Times*, challenged quite savagely the intrinsic evidence, and proceeded by microscopic scrutiny to show that the sentiment, the metaphor, and the rhyme are all unworthy of Milton. Of the couplet about *The sacred sisters*, praised by *The Globe*, this writer remarks: "We have heard of quills upon the fretful porcupine, and we have heard of goose and other quills, but I must take upon me to remonstrate when anything so prettily illustrative of the 'bathos, or art of sinking in poetry,' is sought to be brought home to John Milton." And on the last couplet of the passage which *The Spectator* lauds his comment is this: "Does Mr. Morley really wish to pass such rhymes off upon the man who wrote the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*? Surely there must be some mistake here? We wish John Milton were able to speak for himself; but at any rate his works speak for him, and they deny that any such slip-slop ever proceeded from his pen." His conclusion is as follows: "Granting its authenticity, Milton must have been very old and very ill when he commenced this poem, but toward the end he must have certainly gone, what is vulgarly called, 'off his head.' Upon no other principle could the most careful, the most learned, the most rhythmical, and the most Christian of our great poets have concluded what Mr. Morley would have us suppose he intended for his epitaph with such a jumble from *Bedlam* as the last ten lines." These criticisms, *The Spectator* observed in its next issue, "do not seem to be even smart." Prof. Masson—the author of the best life of Milton, and who is said to know more about him than any other living scholar—has this estimate of them:

"Without being so merciless as Lord Winchelsea on the merits of the poem, I am at one with him in the main. There are touches in the poem which I can like, but I do not see in it the dear, consummate hand, nor can I imagine the face I think I know bending over that production. What has most interested me in the whole controversy is the courage of Lord Winchelsea in at once expressing his opinion to the same effect. Compared with this, my expressions on the point in my first letter to you were but shilly-shallying. I regard his lordship as the Garibaldi of this literary problem—the man who, feeling the truth hot in his heart, obeyed his instinct, plunged in with pluck, and cried, 'Not Milton's, I swear,' without knowing whether any would stand by him. . . . It is all the more necessary for any one who thinks so to say so, because, unless the poem should turn up somewhere, already in print, in some seventeenth-century volume of poems (which is not past praying for), there is probably no solution of the problem which the public generally will soon accept."

On the other hand, Mr. Hain Friswell—who is the editor of the *Bayard Series*, for which Mr. Morley was preparing the volume that occasioned the discovery—disposes in a satisfactory manner of the most serious of Lord Winchelsea's criticisms:

"For instance," he says, "Lord Winchelsea objects to the line:
'The sacred sisters tune their quills'
as non-Miltonic, but in *Lycidas* we have the same word used to the same rhyme—

'Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and willows:
He touched the tender stops of various quills.'
In Shakespeare's epitaph, by Milton, which has been universally praised, we have:

'Or that his hallowed reliques should lie hid
Under a starry-pointing pyramid.'

In this poem we have:

'Than if my ashes did lie hid
Under some stately pyramid.'

In the poem 'which from the amber weeping tree,' in *Lycidas* 'the amber dropping tree,' line 863. In the poem 'the thread of life untwisted,' in *L'Allegro*

'Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul.'

In the poem, again, we meet with this image, much objected to by Lord Winchelsea:

'Meanwhile the Muses do deplore
The loss of this their paramour.'

And in the sublime hymn on Christ's nativity:

'It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.'

And so on, many names well known in literature appearing on either side of the argument, but the greater weight of critical authority, we think, holding—as, for ourselves, we decidedly do—that the diction is Miltonic. One more quotation only on this part of the subject. It is from an article under Mr. W. Hepworth Dixon's signature, in *The Athenæum*:

"Lord Winchelsea objects to certain lines in the epitaph as being non-Miltonic; but this argument, poor if the case were proved, has been thrown out of court by the production of identical rhymes from the poet's unquestioned works.

"No popular fallacy is more common than the idea that Milton was a purist in rhyme. He was, indeed, a perfect master of rhythm and cadence; but he was careless—nay, contemptuous—of mere rhyme. He spoke of 'like endings' as jingle. . . . Certainly no poet in our language has printed so many lines with faulty terminations.

"On the whole, I think the rhyming of the epitaph rather favors the theory of Milton's authorship. The higher evidence of style, the use of language and metaphor, the march, the music, the word-painting, run nearly all in the same direction. The whole poem is not, I think, in Milton's highest manner. Neither is it in his lowest.

But the argument from internal evidence, inconclusive at best, became of very subordinate moment when the museum officials announced, in the note we printed last week, that the handwriting was not Milton's and the initials "P. M." instead of "J. M." Here are the real points, and ones which we can judge only from testimony. So we quote again. This is from Mr. Friswell's letter in *The Morning Herald*:

"On the fly-leaf at the end is written, as Mr. Morley and I think, after severe comparison, as many museum authorities also think, and as many do not think, in Milton's small hand, cramped purposely to get all the lines in, the epitaph printed in *The Times* of Thursday, 16th instant. The writer has divided the page down the centre, and filled one side completely, then he has turned the book sideways toward him, and written the remainder of the 54 lines in two columns, concluding by signing his initials, J. M. or P. M., rober (December, not Ober), 1647.

"I send you a fac-simile of the initials which strike me and others as J. M.—others as P. M. Unfortunately, unless we obliterate the museum stamp, we shall never be able, authoritatively, to pronounce which it is."

Prof. Masson, in the same letter to *The Times* from which we have quoted above, says:

"Having now read all or most that has appeared in your columns on this subject, down to your impression of yesterday, I beg leave to say that I have no doubt whatever left on one of the points of the controversy, and scarcely the trace of a doubt on the other. The handwriting, it may now be positively asserted, is not Milton's. Privately I might trust my own intimate acquaintance with Milton's hand for this assertion; but the opinions of Mr. Bond and Mr. Rye will be conclusive with the public. Mr. Morley, I perceive, is himself shaken by the decision of these experts, but does not quite yield. He finds his right to hesitate on an 'affinity' which he finds between the handwriting of the discovered epitaph and that of some lines, accepted as being in Milton's hand, on an existing copy of Alexander Ross's *Mel Heliconium*. But what if these lines are not in Milton's handwriting either? It is long since I decided that they are not; and now, with Mr. Sotheby's fac-simile of them under my eye for the hundredth time, I publicly impeach them, and risk the prophecy that Mr. Bond and Mr. Rye will agree with me."

Per contra, we return to Mr. Dixon:

"On the question of handwriting, opinions widely differ. I speak with diffidence. Many years of close familiarity with the writing of Milton and his contemporaries, make me cautious in pronouncing any strong verdict on such a point; but having spent a couple of hours this morning in comparing the epitaph with the unquestionable writing of Milton, I cannot refrain from saying that my own opinion is in agreement with that of Prof. Morley.

"Milton's writing, though it may seem at a first glance to be commonplace in character, is, in fact, organically personal. Some of his letters—more than others his capitals—stand quite alone. T, D, and J are especially his own. These letters may be freely used as tests; and such a use of them will help to prove that the epitaph is in the poet's autograph, cramped by the size of the page on which it had to be inscribed.

"Some question has arisen as to whether the signature is J. M. Mr. Bond thinks it is P. M. My examination was made in a good light, with two magnifying-glasses, in the presence of four officers of the British Museum. We all resolved the signature into J. M. Milton's J is very peculiar; but a comparison of the J. M. in Sotheby's fac-similes, Plate VI., and also of the J. in Plate VII. (in the name Sir John Cheek), will show that the peculiar J in the epitaph is characteristic of Milton's hand. Two capital Ps occur on the same plate, and these letters are, to my eyes, utterly unlike the J of the signature.

"My examination has led me to a belief that the autograph is Milton's, and that the signature is J. M."

Such is the case, as far as we are yet able to present it. We need only add this suggestion of Mr. Hargrave Jennings, who, we should say, is greatly displeased that anybody should think the poem Milton's, and desires to have the

whole question referred to the judgement of Messrs. Tennyson and Longfellow:

"The volume of Milton's Latin and English poems which contains this MS. poem, with the 'J. M.' signature, came to the British Museum in the library of King George III., bequeathed to the nation. In all probability it was a book once in the possession of 'Vortigern Ireland,' the fabricator of Shakespearean and other productions. I consider it highly probable that it went to court, among other false curious books, when Ireland was in full vogue as the poetical discoverer, and when everybody, from royal princes (I could give names) down, firmly believed in the truth of the forgeries which were being issued by Ireland in great names. In a case of this kind, identification by handwriting, and the assurances by 'experts,' as they are called, are vain, and in every way delusive. The best evidence is internal evidence, and I would boldly assert that the poem in question was never originated by the illustrious poet, John Milton—the truest of the true—simply from the fact that he could never have written anything so incontestably inferior."

THE degree business, "in causâ honoris," is pretty well exemplified by a list which *The College Courant*—in its capacity of organ of all American collegians as well as of Yalensians—has been at the pains to make. "This list," *The Courant* says, "is necessarily very incomplete," but it shows that during the recent commencement season 50 colleges have availed themselves of their powers by bestowing 175 degrees, distributed thus: A.B., 1; M.S., 1; S.T.D., 4; Ph.D., 7; M.D., 7; M.A. (including A.M.), 23; LL.D. (*The Courant* prints it invariably L.L.D.), 47; and D.D., 85!—twelve of these degrees having been sent forth to delude persons abroad, seven of them to England. A good many interesting things appear from an inspection of the lists; for instance, that of the recipients five were partisan politicians of varying prominence, five teachers of schools, and twenty professors in other colleges than those by which they were dubbed, which suggests the interesting speculation whether a hint of a system of *quæ pro quibus* might not be derived from a collation of the lists of several years. In the matter of liberality the first place must be assigned to Dartmouth, which bestowed seventeen honorary degrees, Bowdoin and Princeton, each with nine, ranking next, while half-a-dozen other respectable colleges appear in the list—among them Amherst, Harvard, and the University of Michigan. But in general the surprise is of another sort. A scrutiny of the names of the 50 colleges showed that 29 of them are what we can only describe as wholly obscure, while 12 of the remainder—being occasionally heard of, just as one occasionally hears of ex-President Fillmore or Pierce—may be termed demi-obscure. In the first category we have placed a Pennsylvania "college" of which we chance to be aware by reason of the fact that among its "scholars," we believe in its higher classes, is a friend of ours of the mature age of twelve, its most advanced classes, we understand, applying themselves to *Cæsar's Commentaries* and the *Æneid*. A not dissimilar case which has come within our experience is that of a young divine, whom a succession of congregations has refused to endure, and whose applications for degrees personally and through friends were for a long time fruitless, after many rebuffs has had his perseverance rewarded by this surprising assemblage of titles—Rev. —, M.D., (!), D.D. (both of these from a medical college), LL.D.; whether or not there is an A.M., we are uncertain. So long as the possessors of degrees deservedly obtained from creditable sources fail to employ the one means by which this nuisance can be checked—that of appending to their degree the name of the college which gave it—we see but one possible limit to the practice: the exhaustion of persons upon whom, without too flagrant an absurdity, the distinctions can be bestowed. This year, we observe, one enterprising Western university, in its quest for an impressive name wherewith to glorify its catalogue, has hit upon the happy expedient of sending a LL.D. to the new President of the Argentine Republic, whence it would be too far to send it back again successfully. By this sort of thing the possibilities can be extended indefinitely. There are the distinguish families of Karageorgewitches and Obrenowitches and like potentates galore from Japan to Patagonia. But, if it be held not meet to take the children's bread, we have at home still unadorned those whom the nation delighteth to honor. In Andrew Jackson, LL.D., and Benjamin F. Butler, LL.D., Harvard set a precedent that ought not to be lost. We have an Oberlin and an Asbury University and a Kalamazoo College and an Olivet College and dozens of scores like unto them—where is the gratitude of republics when we have no Frederick Douglass, LL.D.? no Hunnicutt or Brownlow, D.D.? no George Francis Train, Ph.D.? no Greeley, M.A.?

RECENT investigations reveal the remarkable fact that the coast of New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, New Jersey, and a portion of the eastern Atlantic shore are gradually uprising; while those of the Bay of Fundy and Greenland are slowly sinking. Should this phenomenon continue for ten centuries, the map of the American continent would in 2900 present an entirely different appearance. The Hudson's Bay and the Jersey shores would become fruitful valleys with countless inland seas. Where now the banks of Newfoundland lie, there would then be peninsulas connected with the mainland as the banks of St. George are at present. The passage from Ireland to America—always provided balloons have not yet superseded steam—would then only take four days. The whole Atlantic coast-line of the United States would be advanced as far as the bend made by the Gulf Stream, and the small islands, banks, and rocks of the Bahamas would fuse into larger islands, resembling those of the West India group.

OUR attention has been called, from the office of the Central Park officers, to the fact that we were in error in the implication of a recent paragraph that there are no drinking-fountains for animals in the Park. There already are such fountains, and more are to be provided. As to the streets, the president and engineer of the Board of Health are examining plans and patterns with a view to their erection about the town.

MESSRS. LEYFOLDT & HOLT have nearly ready for publication *A Psyche of To-day*, by Mrs. W. C. Jenkin, author of the two excellent novels, *Who Breaks—Pays*, and *Skirmishing*.

ON THE SANDS.

I WROTE on the marge of the sea to day
A name to my heart most sweet;
And the swift waves washed the words away,
Ere the line could stand complete.

Then I cried to the jealous sea, "Forbear
To mar what in love I trace!
Thy signs are around me everywhere,
Grant mine but a little space.

"Forbear in thy pride to dash the name
I love from thy glittering sand;
'Tis a little meed, I ask, of fame,
That on thy brow it may stand."

And I wrote again, with eager haste,
The name I had writ before;
But my labor and love were only waste,
On the shifting, sparkling shore.

The sea, with a victor's mocking shout,
Marched over the sands again;
And the precious name was trodden out,
Like a dream that dies in pain.

And like the vanished trace on the beach
Of the darling name I wrote,
The echoes will be of my tuneless speech,
As into silence they float.

My song, at the sea, is ended now,
And leaves on its sands no name;
God's fingers only furrow its brow,
His breath in its voice is fame!

WM. C. RICHARDS.

DURING the last generation or so the states of Southern Germany have gradually grown smaller not merely in square miles and numbers of population, but in the estimation of the political world. At the Congress of Vienna Bavaria and Würtemberg still managed to preserve the appearance of states that had some pretensions to a voice in European affairs. Contrast that position with the one now occupied by them and it will at once appear how greatly the standard by which they are measured has altered. When it took the old mail-coaches three days and three nights to pass from frontier to frontier these states still seemed extensive. The introduction of railways which rushed through them in a few hours brought about a revolution. The German states ceased to be states even to themselves. Still, their political consciousness remained yet unimpaired. The different populations continued to feel themselves Germans, members of one great national family, with a common future before them. The only controversial journals in Germany were those in the southern part, and any Prussians or Austrians who desired to reach the ear of the nation had to use them as their channel of communication. For the same reason the debates in the Southern legislatures were extensively read both at Berlin and Vienna, not so much on account of their intrinsic importance as because they represented all the political life and parliamentary progress then existing in Germany. Herein lay a certain moral superiority which was, however, only transient, and passed away the moment that Prussia and Austria had their own outspoken orators and journals. The Southern states then ceased to lead the van in politics; their press no longer enjoyed a monopoly of discussion, and their legislative debates found no audience outside of their own public. It was the North that undertook to speak in the name of Germany, and the war of 1866 thus robbed the South of her last remnant of political prestige and influence. Even Switzerland appears to have dwindled in size since the battle of Königgrätz, nor are Belgium and the Netherlands now what they were in former days. They have relatively shrunk into comparative insignificance by the side of an enlarged Prussia at the head of the Northern Confederacy.

SECRET political societies and conspiracies—those hereditary curses of Italy—begin again to distract the peninsula and cover whole districts in the Romagna, Naples, and Sicily. Though differing in their aims, and often antagonistic to each other, these societies are invariably hostile to the monarchy, whose measures they oppose by word and deed—even by bloodshed and violence. Some of these organizations are the pioneers of a new social republican revolution; others are the friends of a counter revolution for the return of the old dynasties and the old order of things; but both co-operate in undermining the present system, and pile up combustible material for the conflagration that shall be the signal for anarchy and chaos. Equally alarming is the fearful progress which crime and lawlessness are making in various portions of the land, and the impunity with which the offenders defy the law. In the province of Ravenna the authorities dare not order the arrest of the most noted criminals, and the people are completely cowed. Another great evil under which Italy labors is her journalism. There exists in all the larger cities a press which is a disgrace to civilization. This press

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devotes itself exclusively to scandal, defamation, and blackmailing. Its sole occupation is to circulate slanders and to traduce, to spy out and betray family secrets; when facts are wanting they are invented, and no reputation is safe from its poisonous breath. Private individuals as well as public characters are assailed; every act of the government is maliciously criticised and misrepresented. Indeed, no sadder proof of the terrible demoralization with which the friends of the new Italy have to contend can be conceived than the existence of such a class of papers. The moral courage of a people who tolerate the presence of journalistic vampires among them must be at a very low point. Instead of putting these infamous sheets down, they are everywhere taken with a view of escaping their vengeance. Nobody ventures to prosecute them judicially. The police and the judges refuse to interfere with them. The respectable portion of the press, and even some of the more decent organs of the opposition, protest in vain against the scandal. It would really seem as though even King Bomba's rigid censorship was preferable to this journalistic licentiousness.

THE late Servian catastrophe has suggested to *The Pall Mall Gazette* a list of the different attempts against the persons of sovereigns and rulers which have occurred within the last twenty years. On November 26, 1848, an attempt was made to assassinate Francis V., Duke of Modena. On May 22, 1850, an artilleryman named Sefolge shot at Frederick William IV. of Prussia, and wounded him in the right arm. On June 28 of the same year Lieut. Robert Peate assaulted Queen Victoria with a cane. On September 24, 1852, an infernal machine, constructed to kill Napoleon III., was discovered at Marseilles. On February 18, 1852, Libenzi stabbed the Austrian Emperor Francis in the neck. On April 16 of the same year Count Cavour announced to the Chambers that some miscreant had sought the life of Victor Emanuel. On July 5, 1854, Louis Napoleon was attacked on his way to the Opéra Comique. On March 20, 1850, a stranger wounded the Duke of Parma, Ferdinand Charles III., so that he died on the day after. On April [?], 1855, Liverari fired two shots at Louis Napoleon. On May 28, 1856, the monk Fuentes aimed a pistol at Isabella of Spain, but he was disarmed before he could discharge his weapon. On December 8 of the same year private Milano charged Ferdinand II. of Naples at the point of the bayonet. On August 7, 1857, Bartoletti, Tibaldi, and Grillo were convicted of a plot to assassinate Napoleon III.; and on the following 7th of January Orsini made his memorable attempt in the Rue Pelletier. On July 14, 1861, Oscar Beker fired twice at King William of Prussia. On December 18, 1862, Aristides Drusios shot at Queen Amelia of Greece. On December 24, 1863, Greco, Trebucci, Imperatore, and Scaglione were arrested at Paris for designs upon the life of the French Emperor. On April 14, 1865, Wilkes Booth murdered Abraham Lincoln at Washington. On April 6, 1866, Karagoff shot at the Emperor Alexander II. at St. Petersburg; and Berezowski repeated the same attempt at Paris in the June of the next year.

GOLD discoveries beyond the Transvaal Republic have been rumored, and the last news from the Cape of Good Hope seems to put it beyond a doubt not only that deposits exist, but that they are very rich and extensive, being situated about 500 miles from Patchefstrom, a town on the southern border of the Transvaal. It is also alleged that the chief is friendly and anxious to come under British protection. There is a tradition that the Portuguese sent an expedition in the 16th century to work these mines, which failed through the prevalence of fever and the poisonous fly described by Dr. Livingstone as destructive to horses and cattle. It ascended the Zambesi as far as Sena, but those who did not perish turned back, and no attempt

has since been made. Some of the Cape traders know the line of route well, and further and more distinct particulars may, therefore, soon be expected. Natal is the nearest seaport to the district, and expeditions will most likely be organized from that colony as well as from the Cape. *The London Times* makes the following extract from a letter written by "a merchant ordinarily of sober views," and dated from Cape Town, June 4, as an indication that the discovery has created a frenzy even greater than that which always arises under such circumstances, and which almost invariably ends in disappointment:

"Reports of the existence of extensive gold-fields beyond the Transvaal Republic appear to be fully corroborated, richer and more extensive, it is said, than anywhere else. In fact, it is thought the ancient Ohir has been struck. What do you think of gold in heavy veins embedded in white quartz—auriferous quartz—in 30 different localities and immense surface strata rich in gold, the one 23 miles broad and the other 60 miles long, with parallel veins, and width of from two to three miles?"

THE ROYAL SOCIETY have prevailed upon the English naval department to provide a steamer to go upon a dredging cruise in the North Atlantic, in the deep water west of the Faroe Isles. Dr. Carpenter and Professor Wyville Thomson, who go on the society's behalf, are especially intent upon solving the problem whether the theory maintained by the late Edward Forbes be true, that no animal life can exist on the bed of the sea at a depth of 500 fathoms or more. Living creatures have been raised from a greater depth, and it is contended that they may live a thousand fathoms down or more, the nature of the creatures as to color, eyes, and other belongings, differing from anything known to us; and that there is, perhaps, more air at great than at slight depths, while the pressure from within their bodies would sufficiently counteract that from the superincumbent water to prevent the crushing to which naturalists have given credence.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

For convenience of reference, correspondents of this department are desired to arrange questions in distinct slips from answers, and to attach to each of the latter the number prefixed to the query whereof it refers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

(79).—Can you or some of your readers answer the following questions? Where can these volumes be obtained? viz.: *Essay on the Old Testament*; *Authentic Rec.*; *Constitut.*; *Prid.*; *Dr. Hudson's Josephus*; *Maudrel's, Tournelot's*, and *Sandy's Travels*; *Horæ Cœnæntæ Revivæ*; *Apostolical Constitutions*; and the *Bibliotheca* of Photius; *Roland's* and *Bernard's* works; the *Sanchoniatho* of Bishop Cumberland; *Le Clerc's* works; *Perizonius's Orig. Egyptiæ*.

(80).—Are the works of the following authors yet extant? viz.: Justus of Tiberias, Fabricius, Manetho, Berosus, Moschus, Hestiacus, Hieronymus, Hesiod, Hecataeus, Hellanicus, Acusilaus, Ephorus, Nicolaus, Irenæus, Clement of Rome, Calisthenes, Strabo, Arrian, Appian.

I have given the titles as they are in Whiston's translation of *Josephus's Complete Works*.

An answer to any of these inquiries would greatly oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., June 29, 1868.

(81).—Some months ago one of your correspondents propounded a query concerning the authorship of "Cleanliness is next to godliness." This, I believe, has not been answered, and as I have seen unsuccessful attempts to trace the phrase, I had consigned it to the same category with "Consistency thou art a jewel." As to the former, however, a correspondent of the English *Notes and Queries* expresses his opinion that it is a perversion of "Cleanliness is a half virtue." Somebody has attributed that to St. Augustine, and this writer, having seen Aristotle and De Fœe each named as the author, desires to get at its chapter and verse.

NEW YORK, July 23, 1868.

(82).—Can you or one of your readers inform me who is the author of a poem which contains the following verse:

"The fool who stalks in titles clad, by chance or knavery bought,
Who rates a nod of his weak head as worth an age of thought,

Could he but see the brain in me and taste its common drink,
He'd kneel, and all his prayer would be for liberty to think."

The author was one, I believe, who combined literature with labor.

Yours respectfully,

R. G. T.

CHICAGO, July 24, 1868.

(83).—In reading a manuscript written during the last century I find a reference to *The Pastor Fido* as a literary production. What was it, and who was the author?

(84).—In *Jefferson's Notes on Virginia*, under the head of *Query XIV.*, mention is made of Ignatius Sancho, a negro, the author of some letters. Who was he and where can an account of him be found?

T. H. W.

BALTIMORE, July 27, 1868.

(85).—I have in my possession an old book in excellent condition, and should like to know something of its author. It is labelled:

"Eneas Silvius, 1406."
"Epistole Eneæ Silvii."

Toward the latter part of the book is:

"Pii II. pontificis maximi cui ante summum episcopatum primum quidem imperiale secretarium, tandem episcopio deinde cardinalis Senen, Eneas Silvius [or Silvius] nomen erat; familiaris epistole ad diversos in quadruplici vite eius statu transmissi. Impensis Antonii Koberger Nuremberge impressæ finit, xvi. Kals Junii Anno salutis Christiani, etc. MCCCXCVI."

What is known of this book of 433 letters, and its author?

Yours truly,

CHARLES HENRY BROWNING.

151 WEST FOURTH STREET, Cincinnati, August 4, 1868.

(86).—Has there been an autobiography published of Mr. Theodore Winthrop? If so, where can I obtain a copy? If there has not been, to your knowledge, will you be kind enough to give me any information you possess upon the character of that gentleman?

Respectfully yours,

MELFOMENE.

AUGUST 5, 1868.

We think there has been no such work, but to print memoirs here, even if we had the information, would be quite out of the question.

(87).—In *The Round Table* of July 25, and also in a recently preceding number, you say "an L.L.D." Permit me to remark that as L.L.D. is an abbreviation of *Legum Doctor*, and as the L is doubled to signify the plural of *lex*, the pronunciation of L.L. is not *el-el* but *double-el*. Hence the precedent article should be *a* and not *an*: to wit, *a double el dee*, in pronunciation. The use of *an*, which is by no means new, probably originated with the old-fashioned style of misparsing the abbreviation: it was, in former days, usually printed L.L.D. E. S. G.

Our correspondent is undoubtedly right, and may find, if he cares to be at the trouble, that in general we have followed the usage he prescribes.

(71).—The essay on the *Irony of Sophocles* was by Connop Thirlwall, the historian of Greece, not Dean Milman. It appeared in Vol. II. (pp. 483, sqq.) of *The Philological Museum*, Cambridge (Eng.), 1833.

(72).—K's question about ancient and modern Greek is rather a wide one. I suppose he refers merely to grammatical differences. Beside the two which he mentions, there are two others very salient. The modern Greeks have but one past tense, the aorist; and where the ancients used a future infinitive (with or without an accusative preceding), they use *va* (apheresized from the old *iva*), with an aorist subjunctive. There are also various little peculiarities of phraseology which a scholar detects at once. In the *vocabulary* the differences are not numerous, but some of them very striking, e.g., *ἀλογον* (!) for *ἰπποτος*, and *ἔφορος* in the sense of *mien*, *appearance*, instead of *web*. On the whole, however, the two languages may be practically considered the same; they resemble each other, for instance, much more closely than the English of Edward III.'s time and that of the present day. CARL BENSON.

(78).—The first of the quatrains in regard to whose authorship "W." makes inquiry in *The Round Table* of July 11 is by Eaton Stannard Barrett, an Irish poet and a student of the Middle Temple. It contains the concluding lines of a poem entitled *Woman*, the only words of his to which he attached his name. "W." does not quote them with literal exactness; they are as follows:

"Not she with traitorous kiss her Master stung,
Not she denied Him with unfaithful tongue;
She, when apostles fled, could danger brave,
Last at His cross, and earliest at His grave."

Barrett was the author, anonymously, of a satirical poem entitled *All the Talents*, published in 1807, in ridicule of the short-lived Whig ministry then in power; of *The Heroine*, a mock romance; and of *Six Weeks at Long's*, a novel which had great success in its day. He died, in 1820, of a rapid decline occasioned by the bursting of a blood-vessel. P. W. H.

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